FRANK LESLIES SCHOOLS SCHOOLS OF STREET

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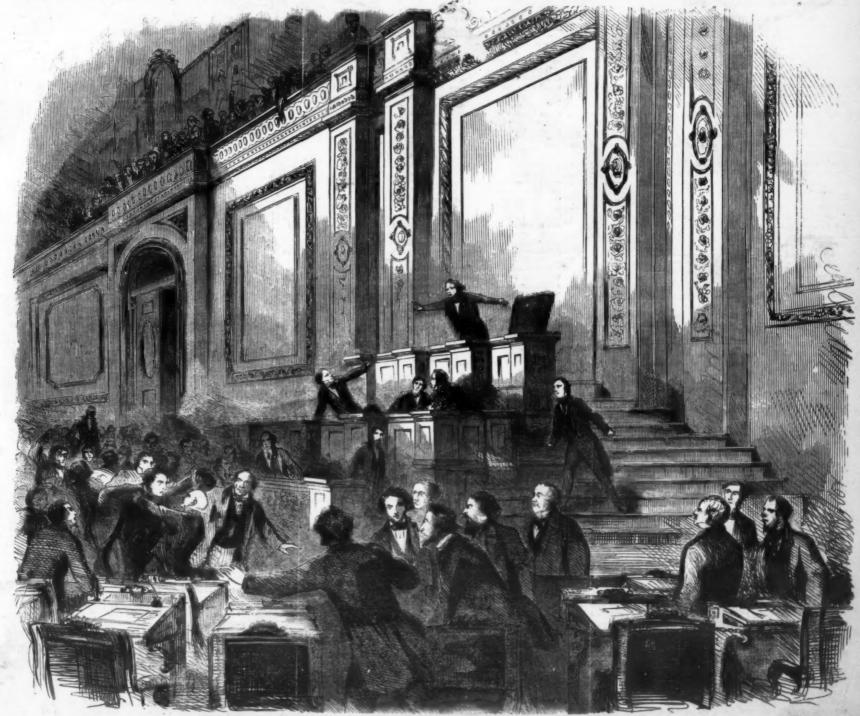
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Illustrated with a Two Page Engraving and numer

THE CONGRESSIONAL ROW.

On Friday night, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and the morning of Saturday, which was February sixth, before cock crowing, and yet after midnight, just about the time, according to poetical authority, that graveyards yawn, the United States House of Representatives was the scene of a spirited discussion on the "State of the Union." The members of that "deliberative body," who are generally as averse to any useful employment as New York policemen are to temperance practices, and who for the ostensible object of business generally assemble in the middle of the day, for the want of something better to do on the occasion referred to, concluded, in place of the futile experiment of exercising their brains, that they would test their physical endurance, and see who could keep out of bed the longest. The contest was very interesting "to outsiders," and presented a scene, which, for all that is lamentable in human nature and our national fame, was, even for a Washington city row, pre-eminently disgusting.

some curious pictures; some were doubled up and others were doubled down. The "Western delegates" usually hung over the backs of their chairs, displaying open mouths and giving utterance to dreadful sounds; they had learned this attitude and expression in the wayside groggeries. The "Eastern men," in their slumbers, assumed reverential attitudes, and seemed to be lost in some devotional exercise. The "chivalry" seemed to be restive and fighting mosquitoes, and they were, therefore, the widest awake of any of their fellow-sufferers. Speaker Orr maintained his dignified good-nature, and though lost to "outward things," his right arm mechanically brought down his gavel upon his desk, unintentionally but truthfully indicating that the body before him was continually "out of order." The clerks, whose business it was to call the "yeas and nays," first gabbled at their work like so many geese, then became less articulate, and finally, at their "herculean task," broke down altogether. The newspaper reporters in the side galleries, under the delusion that they were in a vast oyster saloon in a state of drunken demoralization, went to cracking smutty jokes and pelting each other with spit balls,



the solid contents of which were the President's Kansas message, degluted with Virginian weed and lager bier.

A few innocent members of the House, who had just arrived at congressional honors, were honestly impressed with the idea that their work for the public was indeed no sinceure, and that this making the delaying or passing of an act depend upon the muscles of the cyclids, was no trifling demand upon their integrity. These "honest men" (perhaps four out of the whole representation) having be n accustomed to regular habits, suffered great inconvenience, and many felt that it was even (axing their patriotism, in spite of the sight dallow. fered great inconvenience, and many felt that it was even taxing their patriotism, in spite of the eight dollars a day and little outtheir patriotism, in spite of the eight dollars a day and lattle other side jobs, to keep them up after ten o'clock; while the "old stagers," who have made politics what "sneak thieves" do thimble-rigging—a perfect business—having been through many campaigns, and thus become case hardened to all "irregularities," felt no more inconvenience in sleeping in their chairs in the Re-presentative Hall, than they would, if they had reposed in their accustomed places at the corner gracery, on a wooden bench, or a pine table-top.

For many hours had the house been in session. It is incredible what a number of "private drinks" had been indulged in to sustain the failing strength of its members; it would create a run on the hog market if it were known how much bacon, encased in bread slices, was consumed on that memorable occasion; nor would it be within the power of any mathematician to enumerate the plugs of tobacco that were masticated, or the vile cigars that were etherialized in smoke, or, when half consumed, as "old soldiers" trampled on to the floor. The whole thing was a kind of mental and physical fermentation; it had gone on silently, engendering diseased life, and like a slippery cheese was to grow "lively," by the very exuberance of a newly-hatched existence. The time and the hour came. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, passed over, physically, to "the Democratic side of the House," for the pure physically, to "the Democratic side of the House," for the purpose of conferring, probably about "pairing off to liquor," with Mr. Hickman, "a Douglas Democrat," when, having finished his conference, he was passing down the side aisle, on his way back to his seat. At the moment Gen, Quitman, asked unanimous consent "to submit a metion out of order" (as if a motion at that time and under those circumstances could have been anything else than out of order). Mr. Grow, raising himself from his somnolent state, according to usual custom, said, "I object, Mr. Speaker; let u; go on in regular order." Whereupon Mr. Keitt, of South Car-lina, who was near Mr. Grow, rather roughly suggested that the gentleman should go over to his own side, if he wanted to object; whereat Mr. Grow, inflamed with the general principle of constitutional liberty, for which our encestors he wanted to object; whereat Mr. Grow, initiamed with the general principle of constitutional liberty, for which our encestors principally fought and died (always excepting those who cold things to both sides, and thus founded some of the oldest and wealthiest families in the country), resented this intrusion from the gentleman of the Palmetto State, and boldly and fearlessiy asserted that he was in a "free hall—that a man could be where he pleased in it," forgetting that he could not be in two places at the same time, nor occupy the same space already filled where he pleased in it, forgetting that he could not be in two places at the same time, nor occupy the same space already filled by another honorable gentleman—nor could he be nowhere in the hall, for nature abhors a vacuum; and with such a general but incorrect expression of the great principle of American liberty, he continued to walk slowly down the hall.

Mr. Keitt, who was probably in a somnambulic state, as subsequent events seem to suggest, rushed into the "area of f ce-dom," and turning round faced up the sisle just as Mr. Grow reached the bottom of it, and with an authoritative air, asked Mr. Grow what he meant by his answer? Mr. Grow, under the circumstances with remarkable presence of mind, remembered what he had last said, and receated the broad declaration that he was in a free hall. This proposition, so pertinaciously insisted upon by the centleman from Pennsylvania, aroused Mr. Keitt's ire—for he, Mr. Keitt, knew full well that it wasn't a "free hell," that nobody had a legal right on the floor except members of Congress and certain hangers-on at their button-holes, including at times the leading cabinet officers; and so outraged had he become, that he cleached at something in his indignation. Words now grew "fast and furious;" Grow persisted in the ridiculous idea that he could go where he pleased in the hall, implying that he could get into an inkstand or the Speaker's tobacco-box; Mr. Keitt, equally, enthusiastic, contradicted this off asserted propo-Keitt, equally enthusiastic, contradicted t' is oft asserted propo sition, and in the excitement "fell on the floor."

Now the melée became general; the members, who had pre-Now the melce became general; the members, who had previously been stewing and sweating in their sleep, and all probably dreaming that they were in some personal danger, like a fellows suddenly precipitated in the water, commenced "striking out." In the twinkling of an eye—very slow twinkling, it must be remembered—some forty or fifty Republicans came dashing across the hall, headed by Potter of Wisconsin, who leaped into the midst of the arena with an agility commendable to behold, and then commenced a series of muscular demonstrations that and then commenced a series of muscular demonstrations that would have been very alarming had they followed the bite of a mad dog; the effect of all this was a general distribution of side licks, back hander, and stomach winders, that acted wonderfully as specifies in waking up the gentlemen most interested. That the whole thing might have the air of an Indian pow-wow, Potter seized Barksdale, of Mississippi, by the hair of the heal, and awful to relate, tore the scalp entirely off—whereupon, Washburn, of Wi-consin, having his reminiscences of fights with the red man revived within him, pitched into the ring, causing an immense rolling over on the floor of numerous specimens of the collected wisdom of the nation.

Meantime the speaker battered the front of his new desk into Meanine the speaker battered the front of his new desk into mince meat, and wore off the sharp edges of his hammer, crying out at the top of his voice "Order! order!" which was as practical as if a katydid should by its piping try to drown thunder. The Sergeant-at-Arms, believing in the bird of Jove, seized an emblem of that valorous "critter." and ru hed into the body of the hall, but as the Sergeant-at-Arms didn't bargain to prevent the members of Congress fighting and rowdying as much as the set the main, but as the Sergeunt-at-Arms didn't bargain to prevent the members of Congress fighting and rowdying as much as they pleased, he merely waved his spread eagle over their heads, and so judiciously managed, that he left the impression that he was on both sides of the quarrel, and would no more hurt the feelings of a representative by enforcing the rules formed for the good of the House, that he would refuse the forty-ninth stiff cocktail, necessary to carry him through the fatigues of the day.

In infinitely less time than our facts can be detailed—in the short conventional space of three minutes-this flurry began and As the excitement wore off the members presented the appearance of hot mutton fat suddenly brought in contact with the north wind. Every man looked more or less as if he had been caught in a dirty scrape, and only found relief in the fact that his compatriots were as guilty as himself, and therefore wouldn't peach. The next day Mr. Keitt, who has, it seems, true magnanimity enough to acknowledge a fault, rose in his place and took the responsibility of setting the first brick in motion that ao agitated the rest of the pile, whereupon the whole country comes out in laudation of Mr. Keitt, and pronounces him a real brick, and he acquires great glory; while those gentlemen who always behave themselves (four or five) are never heard of and are consequently considered very poor and very inefficient members of Congress So much for the last Congressional row, a thing which Congress So much for the last Congressional row, a thing which it is useless to treat seriously, and yet in its moral effect is doing constant damage to our fame at home, and will damage our straining as a nation " with the rest of mankind."

OLD LETTERS. By Frances Brown

Come they from sinner or from saint, Cast them in, for the fire defaint, The fire is faint, and the frost is strong, And these old letters have lived too long— How welcome oses it matiers not, Their worth away with time has sped, The love is over, the hope is dead, And the old friend is forgot. Cast them in, they're hard to keep,

And will not les one's memory seep,
For hints of age, and tales of change—
Oh, but the turns of life are strange—
The world whercoff they speak is gone—
How bright they came, and how dim they part,
These passing ages of the heart,
While life and we wear on.

Cast them in, why should they last, When the light we read them by is past, And never again will gild our days!—
Up like a banner goes the blaze—
It is waste paper and nothing more—
Some have been treasured up for years, Some are blotted with heavy tears. And some our dreams read o'er :

These are sprinkled with many a vow, The love was never as warm as now-Those by a trusty hand were penned— Woe is me for that friendship's end. There goes a page of boyish rhyme That was a sheet of good advice— We took our own way on the ice

And learned the worth of it all in time. One glossy curl of wavy gold Was hid in this burning letter's fold— 'Tis long since that golden head grow gray, And the grave where it rests is far away!— Up in its might the broad flame flash And there they lie, in what all our aims, Seekings and strivings, hopes and schemes, Must come to-dust and ashes!

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY. By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

Published exclusively in these columns, from advance sheets, simultaneously with its issue in London.

CHAPTER XXVII .- A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

"ITHINK she will see me," said Davenport Dunn to the old woman servant who opened the door to him at the Kelletts' cottage, "if you will tell her my name: Mr. Dunn—Mr. Davenport Dunn."

"She told me she'd not see anybody, sir," was the obdurate reply.

"Yes; but I think when you say who it is——"

"She would not see that young man that was in the regiment with her brother, and he's here every day, wet or dry, to ask after her."

her."
"Well, take in my card now, and I'll answer for it she'll not re-

"Well, take in my card now, and I is answer.

The old woman took the card half sulkily from his hand, and returned in a few minutes to say that Miss Kellett would receive him.

Dressed in mourning of the very humblest and cheapest kind, and with all the signs of recent suffering and sorrow about her, Sybella Kellett yet received Mr. Dunn with a calm and quiet composure for which he was scarcely prepared.

"If I have been importunate, Miss Kellett," said he, "it is because I desire to proffer my services to you. I feel assured that you will not take ill this assistance on my part. I would wish to be thought a friend—"

ou were so to my father, sir," said she, interrupting, while she

"You were so to my father, sir," said she, interrupting, while she held her handkerchief to her eyes.

Dunn's face grew scarlet at these words, but fortunately for him she could not see it.

"I had intended to have written to you, sir," said she, with recovered composure. "I tried to do so this morning, but my head was aching so that I gave it up. I wanted your counsel, and indeed your assistance. I have no need to tell you that I'm left without means of support. I do not want to burden relatives, with whom, besides, I have had no intercourse for years; and my object was to ask if you could assist me to a situation as governess, or, if not, to something more humble still. I will not be difficult to please," said she, smiling sadly, "for my pretensions are of the very humblest."

"I'm aware how much you underrate them. I'm no stranger to Miss Kellett's abilities," said Dunn, bowing.

She scarcely moved her head in acknowledgment of this speech, and went on: "I' you could insure me immediate occupation, it would serve to extricate me from a little difficulty at this moment, and relieve me from the embarrassment of dec ining ungraciously what I cannot accept of. This letter here is an invitation from a lady in Wales to accept the hospitality of her house for the present; and however deeply the kindness touches me, I must not avail myself of it. You may read the letter," said she, handing it to bim.

Dunn perused it slowly, and folding it up, laid it on the table

"It is most kindly worded, and speaks well for the writer," said

he, calmly.
"I feel all its kindness," said she, with a slight quivering of the lip. "I fee when such are doubly precious, but I have my rea-

lip. "It comes when such are doubly precious, out I have my reasons against accepting it."
"Without daring to ask, I can assume them, Miss Kellett. I am one of those who believe that all efforts in life, to be either good or great, shou'd strike root in independence; that he who leans upon another parts with the best features of identity, and loses himself in suiting his tastes to another's."

She made no reply; but a slight flush on her cheek, and an increased brightness in her eye, showed that she gave her full concurrence to the words.

rence to the words.

"It is fortunate, Miss Kellett," said he, resuming, "that I am

"It is fortuna's, Miss Kellett," said he, resuming, "that I am the bearer of a proposition which, if you approve of, meets the case at once I have been applied to by Lord Glengariff to find a lady who would accept the situation of companion to his daughter. He has so far explained the requirements he seeks for, that I can answer for Miss Kellett being exactly everything to fulfil them."

"Oh, sir!" broke she in, 'this is in no wise what I desired. I am utterly unfitted for such a sphere and such associations. Remember how and where my life has been passed. I have no knowledge of life, and no experience of society."

"Let me interrupt you. Lord Glengariff lives completely estranged from the world, in a remote part of the country. Lady Augusta, the orly unmarried daughter, is no longer young; they see no company; indeed, their fortune is very limited, and all their habits of the very simplest and least expensive. It was remembering this very seclusion, I was glad to offer you a retreat so likely to meet your wishes."

"But even my education is not what such persons would look for.

ing this very seclusion, I was glad to offer you a retreat so likely to meet your wishes."

"But even my education is not what such persons would look for. I have not one of the graceful accomplishments that adorn society. My skill as a musician is very humble; I cannot sing at all; and though I can read some modern languages, I scarcely speak them,"

"Do not ask me to say how much I am aware of your capacity and acquirements, Miss Kellett. It is about two months back a little volume came into my hands which had once been yours; how it ceased to be so I don't choose to confess; but it was a work on the industrial resources of Ireland, annotated and commented on by you. I have it still. Shall I own to you that your notes have been already used by me in my reports, and that I have adopted some of the suggestions in my recommendation to Government? Ney, if you doubt me, I will give you the proof."

"I left such a volume as you speak of at Mr. Hawkshawe's, and believed it had been mislaid."

"It was deliberately stolen, Miss Kellett, that's the truth of it. Mr. Driscoll chanced to see the book, and happened to show it to me. I seeded not fall to be struck with it, the more as I discovered in your remarks, hints and suggestions, coupled with explanations, that none had ever effered me."

remarks, hints and suggestions, coupled with explanations, that non-had ever effered me."

"How leniently you speak of my presumption, sir ""es "Say, rather, how amcerely I applaud your real and intelligence—the book benjeaks both. Now, when I read it, I wished at once to make your acquaintages. There were points wherein you were mistaken; there were others in which you evidently see further than any of us I felt that if time, and leisure, and the opportunity of knowledge were supplied, these were the studies in which you might become really proficient. Lord Glengariff's proposal came at the very moment. It was all I could desire for you—a quiet home, the society of those whose very breeding is acted kindliness."

"Oh. sir! do not flatter me into the belief that I am worthy of such advantages."

"The station will gain most by your association with it, take my word for that."

"The station will gain most by your association with it, take my word for that."

How was it that these words sent a color to her cheek and a courage to her heart that made her for a moment forget she was poor, and fatherless, and friendless? What was it, too, that made them seem less flattery than sound, just and due acknowledgment? He that spoke them was neither young, nor handsome, nor fascinating in manner; and yet she felt his praise vibrate within her heart strangely and thrillingly.

He spoke much to her about her early life—what she had read, and how she was ted to reflect upon themes so unlikely to attract a your griff's thoughts. By degrees, as her reserve wore off, she ventured to confess what a chaim the great men of former days possessed for her imagination—how their devotion, their courage, their single-heartedness animated her with higher hopes for the time when Ireland should have the aid of those able to guide her destinies, and make of her all that her great resources promised.

"The world of contemporaries is seldem just to these," said Dunn. gravely; "they exc'te envy rather than attract friendship, and then they bave often few of the gifts which conciliate the prejudices around them."

around them."

"What matter if they can live down these prejudices?" cried she, warmly; then, blushing at her own eagerness, she said, falteringly. "How have I dared to speak of these things, and to yous?" Duno arose, and walked to the window, and now a long pause occurred, in which neither uttered a word.

"Is this cottage yours, Miss Kellett?" said he, at last.
"No; we had rented it, and the time expires in a week or two?"

"And the furniture?"

"I I was hired also except a very few articles of little or no value."

"No; we had rented it, and the time expires in a week or two?"

"And the furniture?"

"It was hired also, except a very few articles of little or no value."

Dunn again turned away and seemed lost in deep thought; then, in a voice of some uncertainty and hesitation, said, "Your father's affairs were complicated and confused—there were questions of law, too, to be determined about them—so that, for the present, there is no saying exactly how they stand; still there will be a sum—a small one, unfortunately, but still a sum available to you, which, for present convenience, you mus: allow me to advance to you."

"You forget, sir, that I have a brother. To him, of right, belongs anything that remains to u.:"

"I had, indeed, forgotten that," said Dunn, in some confusion, "and it was just of him I wanted now to speak. He is serving as a soldier with a rifle regiment in the Crimea. Can nothing be done to bring him favorably before the notice of his superior? His gallantry has already attracted notice, but, as his real station is still unknown, his advancement has been merely that accorded to the humblest merits. I will attend to it. I will write about him this very day."

very day."
"Oh, I thank you!" cried she, fervently; and she bent down and pressed her lips to his hand.

presses ner mps to his hand.

A cold shivering passed over Dunn as he felt the hot tears that fell upon his hand, and a strange sense of weakness oppressed him.

"It will make your task the lighter," cried she, eagerly, "to know that Jack is a soldier in heart and soul—brave, daring and high-hearted, but with a nature gentle as a child's. There was a comrade of his here t'other day, one whose life he saved."

"I have seen Conway," said Dunn, drily, while he scanned her features closely.

"I have seen Conway," said Dunn, driy, while he scanned her features closely.

No change of color nor voice showed that the felt the scrutiny, and in a calm tone she went on: "I know so little of these things, that I do not know if my dear brother were made an officer to-morrow whether his want of private fortune would prevent his acceptance of the rank, but there surely must be steps of advancement open to men poor as he is."

"You may true tall to me." interrupted Dunn. "Once that you

open to men poor as he is,"
"You may tru t all to me," interrupted Dunn. "Once that
consider me as your guardian, I will neglect nothing that conce "Once that you

you."
"Oh, how have I deserved such kindness!" cried she, trying to smother her emotion.
"You must call me your guardian, too, and write to me as such. The world is of such a temper that it will serve you to be thought my ward. Even Lady Augusta Arden herself will feel the force of it." There was a kind of rude energy in the way these last words were uttered that gave them a character almost defiant.
"You are then decided that I ought to take the situation?" raid she. And already her manner had assumed the deference of one seeking direction.

"Yes, for the present, it is all that could be desired. There will be no necessity of your continuing there if it should ever be irksome to you. Upon this, as upon all else, I trust you will communicate freely with me." "I should approach an actual duty—a task—with far more confidence than I feel in offering to accommodate myself to the ways and

dence than I red in oriening to accommodate myself to the ways and tempers of utter strangers."

"Very true," said he; "but when I have told you about them they will be strangers no longer. People are easily comprehended who have certain strong ruling passions. They have only one, and that the very simplest of all motives—Pride. Let me tell you of them." And so he draw his chair to her side and began to describe the Ardens.

We do not ask the reader to follow Davenport Dunn in his sketch enough that we say his nicture was more truthful than flattering.

We do not ask the reader to follow Davenport Dunn in his sketch—enough that we say his picture was more truthful than flattering, for he nortrayed traits that had often given him offence and suffering. He tried to speak with a sort of disinterested coldness—a kind of half-pitying indifference about "ways and notions" that people "stranged from "much intercourse with the world will fall into;" but his tone was, in spite of himself, severe and resentful, and scarcely compensated by his concluding words, "though of course, to you, they will be amiable and obliging."

"How I wish I could see them, though only for [a minute," said she, as he finished.

"How I wish I could see them, though only for a minute," said she, as he finished.

"Have you such confidence, then, in your power of detecting character at sight?" asked he, with a keen and furtive glance.

"My gift is generally enough for my own guidance," said she, frankly; "but, to be sure, it has only been exercised amongst the country people, and they have fewer disguises than those we call their betters."

"I may write word, then they within a week you will be ready."

their betters."

"I may write word, then, that within a week you will be ready," said Dunn, rising. "You will find in that pocket-book enough for any immediate outlay—nay, Miss Kellett, it is your own—I repeat it, all your own. I am your guardian, and no more." And with a stiffness of manner that almost repelted gratitude, he took his leave and withdrew. As he gained the door, however, he stopped, and, after a moment, came back into the room. "I should like to see you again before you leave—there are topics I would like to speak with you on. May I come in a day or two?"

"Wnenever, and as often as you please."

Dunn took her hand and pressed it tenderly. A deep crimson overspread her face as she said "Good-by!" and the carriage had rolled away ere she knew that he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII .- THE HERMITAGE AT GLENGABIFF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE HERNITAGE AT GLENGARIFF.

BESIDE a little arm of the sea, and surrounded by lofty mountains, stood the little cottage of Lord Glengariff. It was originally built as a mere fishing-lodge—a resting-place in the bathing season, or a spot to visit when it was the pleasure of its owners to affect retirement and seclusion. Then would the earl and his countess, and the Ladies Julia and Jemima, come down to the Hermitage with a sort of self-approving humility, that seemed to say, "Even so know how to chastise pride, and vanity, and the sinful lusts of the field."

Whether it was that these seasons of mortification became more free

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quent, or that they required more space, we cannot say, but, in course of time the Hermitage extended its limbs, first in one direction and then in another, till at length it grew to be a very commotions house, with surple rooms, and every imaginable comfort. Owing to the character of the architecture, too, it gained in picturesque effect by these successive additions; and in its jutting projections, its deep-shadowed courts and its irregular line of roof, it presented a very pleasing specimen of that half-Elizabethan cottage or rarely hit upon in any irregular plan.

As the fortunes of the noble house declined—the earl's ancestors had been amongst the most extravagant of Irish gentry—the ancient eastle of Holt-Glengariff, where they had long resided, was sold, and the family settled down permanently to live at the Hermitage. Were reining to live settled down permanently to live at the Hermitage. Were reining to live settled down permanently to live at the Hermitage. Were reining to live settled down permanently to live at the Hermitage. Were reining to live settled down and the families of the day of the merely temporar about to establish them were in in Paris, her ledvish; was confered to Italy?—a work of the many the merely temporar about to establish them are manors, in fact, were affort to explain that the sunshine with the many the merely live of the day when they would come back there, for my lord said he "really liked the place"—a species of avowal that was accepted by the neighborhood as the proudest encomium man could pronounce upon their "happy valley."

With all these plans and intentions, it was now eighteen years and the earl bad never quitted the Hermitage for any longer jowrney than an occasional trip to Dublin. The countess had taken a longer road than that over the Alps, and lay at rest in the village churchy and the fact of the proudest encomium man could pronounce upon their "happy valley."

With all these plans and intentions, it was now eighteen years and the earl bad never quitted the Her

that Lady Augusta took an especial delight in dwelling in her mind and in her letters on all the disagreeables of her sisters' wedded life? The extravagance of men, their selfishness, their uncomplying habits, the edious tyranny of their tempers, were favorite themes with her, dashed with allusions to every connubial contingency, from alimony to the measles in the nursery! At last, possibly because, by such frequent recurrence to the same subjects, she had no longer anything new to say on them, or perhaps it is just possible the themes themselves had less in terest for others than for herself, her sisters seemed to reply less regularly than of old. Their answers were shorter and drier; they appeared neither to care so much for sympathy and condolence as formerly; and, in fact, as Lady Augusta said to herself, "They were growing inured to ill-treatment!" And if half of us in this world only knew of the miseries we are daily suffering, and which sympathetic friends are crying over, what a deal of delightful affliction might we enjoy that we now are dead to! What oppressive governments do we live under—what cruel taskmasters—what ungrateful publics, not to speak of the more touching sorrows of domestic life—the undervaluing parents and unsympathising wives! Well, one thing is a comfort; there are dear kind hearts in mourning over all these for us, anxiously looking for the day we may awaken to a sense of our own misery!

1 twas of a cheery spring morning, sunlit and breezy, when, in

ing parents and unsympathising wives! Well, one thing is a comfort; there are dear kind hearts in mourning over all these for us, anxiously looking for the day we may awaken to a sense of our own misery!

It was of a cheery spring morning, sunlit and breezy, when, in the chirping song of birds, the rustling leaves, and fast-flowing rivulets. Nature seems to enjoy a more intense vitality, that the earl sat at breakfast with his daughter. A fairer prospect could hardly be seen than that which lay before the open windows in front of them. The green lawn, dotted with clumps of ancient trees, inclined with many a waving slope to the sea, which, in a long, narrow arm, pierced its way between two jutting headlands, the one bold, rocky and precipitous, the other grass-covered and flowery, reflecting its rich tints in the glassy water beneath. The sea was, indeed, calm and still as any lake, and, save when a low, surging sound avose within some rocky cavern, as silent and noiseless. The cattle browsed down to the very water's edge, and the nets of the fishermen hung to dry over the red-berried foliage of the arbutus. They who looked—when they did, perchance, look on this scene—gazed with almost apathy on it. Their eyes never brightened as the changing sunlight east new effects upon the scene. Nor was this indifference the result of any unconsciousness of its beauty. A few months—back it was the theme of all their praises. Landscapepainters, photographers, were invited specially to catch its first morning tints, its last mellow glow at sunset. The 'Id lord said it was finer than Torrento—equal to anything in Greece. If the Mediterranean were bluer, where was there such emerald greenness?—where such blended coloring of heaths, purple, and blue and violet?—in what land did the fragrance of the white thorn so load the warm atmosphere? Such, and such like, were the encomiums they were wont to utter; and wherefore was it that they uttered they are where sone challed the fragrance of the white thorn so load the warm atmosphere

Mr. Galbraith—such was his name—was of that pictorially-gifted prefer of which the calebrated George Robins was once chief. He

knew how to dress his descriptions with the double attraction of the picturesque and the profitsble, so that trees seemed to bend under golden fruit, and the sea-washed rocks looked like "nuggets."

If there be something very seductive in the prosnect of growing immensely rich all at once, there is a terrible compensation in the utter indifference indicted on us as to all our accustomed pleasures in life. The fate of Midas seems at once our own; there is nothing left to us but that one beavy and shining metal of all created blessedness! Lord Glengariff was wont to enjoy the lonely spot he lived in with an intense ap preciation of its beauty. He never wearied of watching the changing effects of season on a scene so full of charm; but now he surveyed it with a sense of fidgety impatience, eager for the time when the sounds of bustle and business should replace the stillness, that now reigned around him.

"This, is from Dunn," said he, breaking open a large, heavy-sealed letter, which had just arrived. His eyes ran hastily along it, and he exclaimed, peeviably, "No prospectus vet—no plan issued—nothing whatever announced. I have seen Galbraith, and had some conversation with him about-your harbor—my harbor?"

"Go on," said Lady Augusta, midly.

"Why, he insolent upstart has not even listened to what was said to him. My harbor? He takes it for granted that we were wanting to make this a packet station for America, and goes on to say that the place has none of the requisite qualifications—no depth of water! I wish the fellow were at the bottom of it! Really this is intolerable. Here is a long lecture to me not to be misled by those 'speculation-mongers who are amongst the rife products of our age.' I ask you, if you ever heard of impertinence like that? This fellow—the archeharlatan of his days—the quack per excellence of his nation—dares to warn me against the perils of his class and kindred! Ooly listen to this, dusty," cried he, bursting into a fit of half-angry laughter, "'I am disposed to think that, by drawing

earl thought too, till the letter now before him dashed that impression with disappointment.

"I'll tell you what is, Gusty," said he, after a pause—" we must ask him down here. It is only by an actual inspection of the bay that he can form any just conception of the place. You must write to him for me. This gouty knuckle of mine makes penwork impossible. You can say— Just find a sheet of paper and I'll tell you what to say." Now the noble earl was not as realy at dictation as he had fancied, for when Lady Augusta had opened her writing-desk, arranged her writing materials, and sat, pen in hand, awaiting his suggestions, he was still pacing up and down the room, muttering to himself in broken and unconnected phrases, quite unsuited to the easy flow of composition. "I suppose, Gusty—I take it for granted—you must begin 'My dear Sir'—eh?—or, perhaps, better still, 'Dear Mr. Dunn,'" said she, not looking up from the paper, but

" Dear Mr. Dunn," said she, not looking up from the paper, but

"Pear Mr. Dunn," said she, not looking up from the paper, but quietly retouching the last letters with her pen.
"But I don't see why, after all, we should follow this foolish lead," said he, proudly. "The acceptance he meets from others need not dictate to us, Gusty. I'd say, 'The Earl of Glengariff'—or, 'I am requested by Lord Glengariff." interposed she, quietly.
"I'd yather, Lord Glengariff." interposed she, quietly.
"It sounds more civilly, perhaps. Be itso;" and again he walked up and down, in the same hard conflict of composition. At length he burst forth: "There's nothing on earth more difficult than addressing a man of this sort. You want his intimacy without familiarity. You with to be able to obtain the benefit of his advice, and yet not incur the infliction of his dictation. In fact, you are perfectly prepared to treat him as a valued guest, provided he never lapses into the delusion that he is your friend. Now, it would take old Metternich to write the sort of note I mean."
"If I apprehend you, your wish is to ask him down here on a visit of a few days, with the intimation that you have a matter of business to communicate—""

"If I apprehend you, your wish is to ask him down here on a visit of a few days, with the intimation that you have a matter of business to communicate——"

"Yes, yes," said he, impatiently, "that's very true. The business part of the matter should come in incidentally, and yet the tone of the invitation be such as to let him distinctly understand that he does not come here without an express object. Now you have my meaning, Gusty," said he, with the triumphant air of one who had just surmounted a difficulty.

"If I have, then, I am as far as ever from knowing how to convey it," said she, half peevishly. "I'd simply say, 'Dear Sir,' or, 'Dear Mr. Dunn,—There is a question of great moment to myself, on which your advice and counsel would be most valuable to me. If you could spare me the few days a visit here would cost you, and while giving the great pleasure of your society——"

"Too flattering by half. No, no," broke he in again. "I'll tell you what would be the effect of all that, Gusty"—and his voice swelled out full and forcibly—"the fellow would come here, and before a week was over, he'd call me Glengariff!"

She grew crimson over face, and forehead, and neck, and then almost as quickly became pale again, and rising hastily from the table, said: "Really, you expect too much from my subtlety as a note-writer. I think I'd better request Mr. Dunn to look out for one of those invaluable creatures they call companions, who pay your bills, correct your French notes, comb the lapdog, and sold your maid for you. She might be, perhaps, equal to all this nice diplomacy."

"Not a bad notion, by any means, Gusty," said he, quickly. "A clever woman would be inestimable for all the correspondence we see like to have soon; far better than a man—less obtrusive—more confidential—not so open to jobbery; a great point, a very great

confidential—not so open to jobbery; a great point, a very great point. Dunn's the very man, too, to find out the sort of person we want."

"Something more than governess, and less than lady," said she, half superciliously.

"The very thing, Gusty—the very thing. Why, there are women with breeding enough to be maids of honor, and learning sufficient for a professor, whose expectations never rise beyond a paltry hundred a year—what am I saying ?—sixty or seventy are nearer the mark. Now for it, Gusty. Make this object the substance of your letter. You can have no difficulty in describing what will suit us. We live in times, unfortunately, when people of birth and station are reduced to straitened circumstances on every hand. It reminds me jy at of what poor Annesley used to say, 'Do you observe,' said e, 'that whenever there's a great smash on the turf, you'll alwy as see the coaches horsed with thorough-breds for the next year or 'go!'"

[A very unfeeling remark, if it mean anything at all."

A very unfeeling remark, if it mean snything at all."
Nover mind. Write this letter, and say at the foot of it, 'We should be much pleased if, in your journeys south'—he's always soming down to Cork and the neighborhood—'you sould give us a

few days at Glengariff Hermitage. My father has certain communications to make to you, which he is confident would exempt your visit from the reproach of mere idleness.' He'll take that; the fellow is always flattered when you seem impressed by the immensity of his avocations!" And with a hearty chuckle over the weakness he was triumphing, the old lord left the room, while his daughter proceeded to compose her letter.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to Correspondents who have solved our last problems. Correct solutions of 108 sent in by G. W. B., Waterbury: W. B. M., Charleston; J. D., Portland; Dr. C. C. Moore; 109 correctly solved by J. D.; W. W. K., St. Louis; 110 by M. W., New Bedford; 111 by the following: Dr. R., Philadelphia; Dunedin; E. A. B.; G. W. B.; 112 by Dr. R., Isidor, Athos, J. D., and Dunedin. Solutions of 108, 109 and 110 by W. Bradley, Manchester, Va., all wrong. Dr. R.'s solution of 110 wrong. Dunedin also failed in this last; if White plays Q to R4 on his second move, Black takes P with P—decating mate.

REMOVAL OF THE DOWN TOWN GENER BOOM.—The Chess habilists of Limberger's having been suddenly checkmated by the shutting up of the concern, will find that provision has been made for their future accommodation at the seloon of Mr. John Bechtel, No. 120 Falton street. Mr. Bechtel has provided, gratulrously, good Chessmen and boards, and it is to be hoped that something like the old "Chess circle down town" may be again enjoyed. Mr. B. supplies a good cigar, good coffee, good everything to eat, and good lager.

We would suggest to our contributors the propriety of sending in problems correctly diagrammed. From time to time we meet with one having White above and Black below, our rwise called an inverted diagram; we alude, of course, to a problem where "White is to play and mate," &c. Fie rule is not an arbitrary one, only that it is more convenient for compositors.

The following solutions of 111 and 112 may not be uninteresting to our readers; they are from the pen of an ever lively, good-humored and esteemed correspondent, M. W., of New Bedford. He says of 111: "J. D., of Portland, intended more pleasantry than mystification in his problem; I feel inclined to answer it as follows:

X. Plain, I pray yeu, what you mean,

X. Suck conveys in class I weee,

X. Suck enowers in class I weee,

X. Suck enowers in class I weee,

X. Suck enowers in class I Answers to Correspondents.

Ah! now I see—the King anclosed, By Knights and Queens is here oppo-And properly to end the game, The Bishop gives the cross a name.

His Sable Majesty coquesting with a Queen— Not of his shade or race, his own steps in between; Cupid looks on and laughs, and gives his head a toss, Bishop advances wisely, mates him, hence a cross.

whire.

ELACK.

1—The Bishop goes home and advises his Pawa

2—To push on when the other advances—(1)

The Pawa checks the King and again he goes on (2,3)

3—When the King chasser's left to his prances.

4—The Castle at last puts an ond to his fate,

5—The Black King chasser's right—hence a double checkmate,—(4)

light W adds. (1) The English chasteries of the English chaster of the English chast

Our friend W. adds: "The English adaptation of the French word" ch must be considered a poet's (?) license."

M. W., New Bedford — As it is generally asserted (not always admired), that our countrymen are somewhat out in d luging their friends with flattery and compliments, we must suppose ourself to be included in the same category; therefore we will not hesitate to cast aside our share of modesty (?) and resume our "tickling propensities" on this occasion. We loudly assert that we are never more pleased than when we receive one of your letters. We have done honor to your poetical effusions. Please send your personal address; perhaps the one on hand may answer.

DUNEDIN.-Do not construe our silence for neglect. All will be seen to.

J. R. BURNET.—Please read the above and apply.

T. M. B., Newark.—We have not retained a copy of the problem in questions therefore we cannot reply: it is still our opinion that we are correct. Necessity compels us yet to defer the examination of your problems until our next. We hold it our opinion still that most of your problems contain unnecessary extra solutions; for instance, your contribution published in our last, con idered not defective—in a technical sense has other solutions which you could have avoided. Please address us by mail as tormerly, for reasons which we will hereafter explain.

P. C., Baltimore.—We need a little more time to re-examine your properties. AGGAMORE, Lynn, Mass.—These documents have been on our table for a while; yet we are so pressed that we have been compelled to wait until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. We have a score of correspondents to take

W. W. K., St. Louis.-Where are you, old friend? Come, no pouting!

ATHOO, Boston.—Thanks indeed for the games. Look out for our next answer. E. A. B., Charleston.—We have written by mail.

Dm. R., Philadelphia.—We would condemn the "stipulation" alluded to in one of your notes. The nature of the problem is too simple to admit of it. Would not answer for a two-move problem. Such requires some beautiful and striking features to admit of their publication. We are under the impression that we received another contribution from you; we must have mislaid it. Please duplicate us. We have just received your last.

J. H. M., Canasteta, N. Y.—We will endeavor to apply your suggestions prac-tically, and report in our next. Have those diagrams been received?

ucany, and report in our next. Have those diagrams been received? mornisms Johnson, Oswego.—Thanks to our young friends for contributions received. We will reserve two for future diagrams; the others we discard. You desire, of course, to know which are the successful candidates. They are, the one three move problem by C. F. and the sul-mate by Wm. W., which we have placed on file. All in due time.

Law Student, Yale.—Your solution of 112 is wrong. Your contribution will receive proper consideration in our next.

Incognity, Boston.—We would not wish him to forget us. Where are you, old

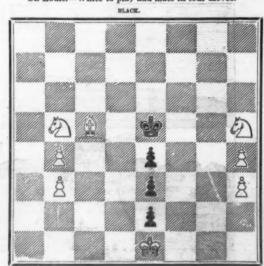
JOSEPH COLLINS, N. O.—Has been attended to.

C. J. J., College St. James, Md.—We supposed that our Maryland friend was not idle in the interim, and were more than confirmed in our belief on receiving such voluminous documents. Will be examined in our next. We tender him our sincere thanks. Why not a single line, old friend?

T. Frere, Brooklyn Chess Club.—Accept our sincere thanks for the game published in our last. Fast micrax lard que jamais.

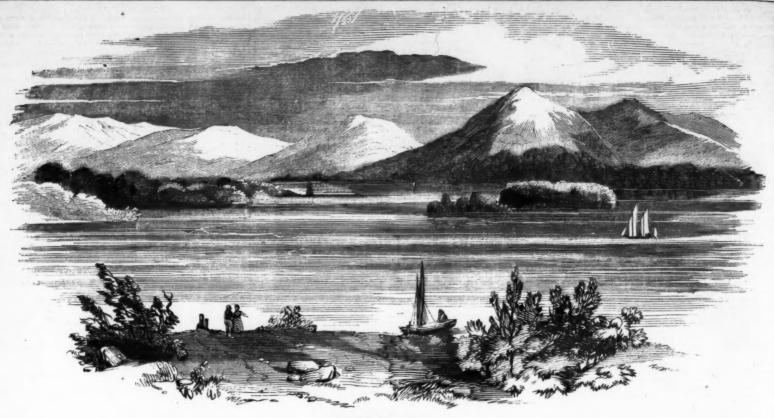
S. LOYD.—You have at last aroused from your lethargy. Oh, you naughty

PROBLEM CXIV.—(COURAGE AND CRAFT.)—By W. W. K., of St. Louis.—White to play and mate in four moves.



WHITE.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CENI. P on (best)



THE LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY

A TIP TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

NATURE in Ireland is always beautiful, her repulsive features are man's work. Her skies are unsurpassed for clearness, her scenery has no rival in interest, her title of the "emerald isle" attests the

rich glow that spreads over her landscapes.

Hidden away in her mountains are innumerable lakes, which, in the last few years have properly attracted the attention of the admirers of the beautiful, and of all these sweet spots the Kil-

admirers of the beautiful, and of all these sweet spots the Killarneys are the most deservedly eminent.

Unhappily the town of Killarney is no exception to the general rule of wretchedness which almost all villages in Ireland present; you reach it by passing down a miry road, lined by old, rooftes and deserted mud houses, and after a little you turn a corner, and suddenly find yourself in the town. Everything is wretched in aspect, and the teeming population seem to have nothing to do but stand still and gaze at the intruding stranger. The first impressions, therefore, of the place are decidedly unfavorable. The traveller ensoonces himself in the best lodgings at his command, and asks for tea. Darkness now settles upon the landscape, and the inconveniences of the present moment are

favorable. The traveller ensconces himself in the best lodgings at his command, and asks for tea. Darkness now settles upon the landscape, and the inconveniences of the present moment are alleviated by anticipations of the pleasures of the morrow. At early morn your door is besieged by a crowd of unfortunate guides and boatmen, all clamorously offering their services. Suddenly "the other members of our party" are recruited in front of the hotel, and having for their especial use one of those elongated cars, so common in Ireland, the "expectants," with a flourish, sweep out of the gates into the public road.

This accomplished, you are at once assailed by a number of young girls, carrying specimens of small boxes and toys made of arbutus wood, who with incredible speed and perseverance run after you, importuning you to buy from them. Around the gate, too, and afterwards in the town, beggars obstruct your progress. Mrs. Hall, in her "Week at Killarney," tells how, in the small town of Macroom, she bargained to give every applicant one halfpenny each next morning, if only allowed to examine the town quietly in the evening. The bargain was agreed upon, and faithfully fulfilled on both sides by the contracting parties. No beggars intruded themselves for the night, and "next day," she says, "it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given;" no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the inn-gate.

No town even in ireland is more remarkable than Killarney for the numerous band of rogues and eloquent beggars. And what force and wit, too, are in their appeals! A lady sits by your side on the ear before starting. "Good luck to your lady-

No town even in ireland is more remarkable than Killarney for the numerous band of rogues and eloquent beggars. And what force and wit, too, are in their appeals! A lady sits by your side on the car before starting. "Good luck to your lady-ship's happy face this morning; sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bosom before ye go?" And, cries that old blind man with a flattering tongue that one day or other must surely have "licked the Blarney-stone," "Och, then, look at the dark man that can't see

if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice." Then there is the promise held out of "the widdy and five small children," if only a little relief is extended, not to speak of the still more ingenious myth put forward by "the poor craytter that's got no childer to show your honor—they're down in the sickness (typhus fever), and the man that owner them at see." your honor—they're down in t

the man that owns them at sea."
Driving rapidly along the road, southward, and entering the gate of a beautiful demeane, you suddenly come in sight of Mucross Abbey, close to the borders of the Lower Lake. True, the garish eye of day divests the ruins of that charm which comes from the pale glimpses of the moon; for it is quite as true of Mucross as of Melrose, that if you would see it "aright," you must

"Go visit it by pale moonlight."

"Go viait it by pale mocalight."

Yet say—with these umbrageous trees of every shade of living green, that "Lady's Walk," and that "Rock Walk," of still greater beauty nigh at hand; with that fine and almost perfectly preserved oriel window; with the treacherous yet graceful ivy draping and concealing shafts, buttresses and broken walls; with those old tombstones in the chapel floor; with that fine old spacious kitchen, where "friars of orders gray" once had feasts prepared worthy of a king; that refectory, where the good things were enjoyed; and that cloister, with its twenty-two arches, in the centre of which grows a magnificent yew-tree that covers as a roof the whole area, coeval with the abbey itself

two arches, in the centre of which grows a magnificent yew-tree that covers as a roof the whole area, coeval with the abbey itself—is not this a scene full of deepest interest?

Remounting your car, and sweeping rapidly along the edge of the lake, passing through the devious windings of the pathway, as bays and indentations of the lovely waters shape its course, you next come to Torc Waterfall. The rain is falling fast by this time. It patters upon the leaves, and glides harmlessly off over umbrellas and cloaks; and it is coming down just in time to "get up" for your admiration—summer time though it be—a second of exceeding heavity. "get up" for your admiration—summer time though it be—a cascade of exceeding beauty. Right joyously you receive its sprinkling of spray, and watch it as it feams and leaps from rock to rock till it finds repose on the bed of the stream below.

to rock till it finds repose on the bed of the stream below.

After a brief repast in a small wooden house—a little cottage kept by a kindly peasant, mother and her children, close at hand, who shared among themselves the remains of our dinner—you return homewards along the beautiful shores of Lower Lake, the road winding altogether along them for some twelve miles. Here the views are so varied that it is like looking through a kaleidescope, witnessing in your progress a variety of mountain and valley, as if you visited twenty lakes, and gazed admiringly on hundreds of lovely arbutus-covered islands, and on as many different mountains on the same day. Night by this time approaches—the rain is over, you go through the gates, and enter the demesne of a nobleman, look at his fine horses and grounds, glance again at the surpassing scenery of Lower Lake, with its

mountains now bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, and come back to your lodgings full of plans and longings for to-morrow's trip to the other lakes.

The morning of our second day brought with it bright promise of lovely summer weather. Ere starting, we perambulated the streets of the town. Finally, mounting with a joyous party on a double-horsed car, you pass out of town to the westward, and gradually ascending, the Lower Lake and the hills and mountains on either side of it burst on your view. On the slopes to the westward appears the mansion of the only surviving brother of the Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell.

After driving about an hour you begin to lose sight of cultivated fields, and to enter on scenes of grandeur and beauty, where, at her own sweet will, "Nature, free and wild," disports herself. Here is the bed of a mountain stream, which is often almost dry, but along which, in spite of those mighty boulders and those jutting crags, which ever and anon dispute its course, the fierce mountain torrent of winter sweeps victoriously onward. Here, closing in upon us southward, are lofty precipices, well nigh shutting out the sun at noon-day, shedding a profound gloom on those small deep lakes which ever and anon surprise the tourist among the hills. And see, here is the "Serpent's Lake;" and as our guide—who has just joined us, and is a not unworthy successor of the famous Peter Spillane—soon informs you, this lake is associated with a genuine Irish tradition. Let us rehearse it.

The "Serpent's Lake" is so called because here St. Patrick—

us rehearse it.
The "Serpent's Lake" is so called because here St. Patrick that famous man, who, as the popular song has it,

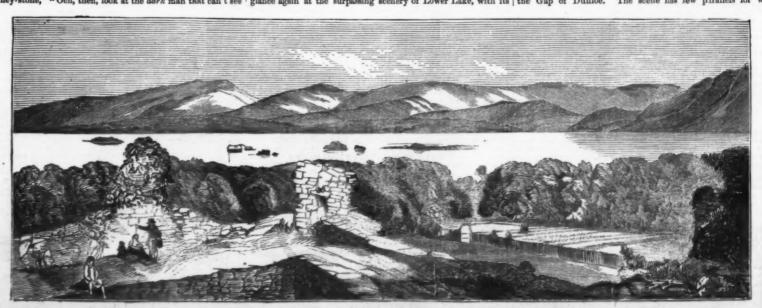
Gave the snakes and toads a twist, And banished them for ever___'

"Gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And banished them for ever—",
encountered and over-reached the last of the serpent race in Ireland. In those days serpents talked; and so we find that the
"wily eaint," coming to the edge of the lake in which the big
serpent had hid himself, bade him a very good morning. After
the exchange of some civilities, St. Patrick produced an iron
box, and offered a wager that it was quite large and long enough
to hold the serpent. Whereupon the latter, all unsuspicious, and
thinking it foul seorn that it should be supposed such a box could
contain his corpus, incontinently leaped out of the lake with
head and shoulders in the box, but with his tail lying out at one
end of it. This was all St. Patrick wanted; he suddenly
"whipped down" the lid of the box, and to save his tail, the serpent drew it in. And so, locking the box, the saint threw it into
the lake, and "from that day to this," whenever the water is
ruffled or agitated, the people tell you that it is the imprisoned
serpent, who is getting up "a ruetion" at the bottom, and trying
to get out of his iron prison.

We are now at the very entrance of the famous mountain pass,
the Gap of Dunloe. The scene has few parallels for wild

Purp light, exqu Do silver détou hilloc throu demendand le

to appared to partal Wh dezvoi mount all lie



THE UPPER LAKE, EILLARKEY.

grandeur and stern magnificence. As we approach it, women with goats' milk crowd around us; and in a few moments, by the repeated discharge of a small piece of cannon on the edge of the rocky path, "Killarney's wild cchoes" reverberate loud and long in thunder-tones among the mountains. Softer are the echoes of the guide's bugle, or of that of the boatman on the lake. The first is the awful and sublime diapason, the second is the sweet, soft, surging swell of heart-subduing, romance-inspiring music. Bu: Killarney's echoes have their humorous associations also. That famous echo which, to the question, "How are you, Paddy Blake?" gives the response, "Pretty well, I thank you," is difficult to hear. But our guide tried his lungs and voice severely in a conversation somewhat after this fashion:

"Paddy Blake!" Answer, "Blake!" "Paddy, you're a bad boy!" Answer, "Blake!" "Answer, "Rogue!" "Yes, a rascal and a rogue, ha! ha! ha!" Answer, "Rogue! ha! ha!" Answer, "Rogue! The rocks along the Pass are of forms the most grotesque, and

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ty, orts ten ers rse, on-ces, and rise

nt's

Ire-the big iror ough , and could with t one

e ser-t into ter is soned trying

"Yes, a raseal and a rogue, ha! ha!" Answer, "Rogue! ha! ha! ha!"

The rocks along the Pass are of forms the most grotesque, and each has received some distinguishing name. One of these is called O'Donahus's Horse, and another the Turnpike, which last is the wildest part of the Gap. Whether looking back or forward, the view is grand; and that the perspective may come out from a new and Irish point of view, our guide turns his back on the Gap after we have passed it, stoops and looks between his legs! Imitating his artistic example, as he strongly urges you to do, and gazing on the blue sky beyond, and the overarching precipices, we cannot help confessing, even while laughing at the attitude, that it brings its own reward.

The Pass terminates, and we suddenly come on a sceue of unrivalled beauty. It is the "Balance Rock," or "Logan Stone," a druidical remembrancer of the olden time. Thomas Moore likens it to the poet's heart, which

"The slightest touch alone sets moving,"

"The slightest touch alone sets moving, But all earth's power could not shake from its base."

But all earth's power could not shake from its base."

Here bursts upon us a magnificent view of the Upper Lake on the one side, and of the whole Coom Dhur (the Black Valley) on the other. Weary with the lengthened up-hill walk, and our spirits sympathetic with the oppressive gloom of the Pass, "it was with an uncontrollable burst of enjoyment," to use the language of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, "that we gazed on the delicious scene." The Magillicuddy Reeks on the right, Toomies and the



A COTTAGE BEAR KILLARNEY.

of the Bountiful One is thankfully invoked upon his good gifts. The hearts of all are jubilant, the "moil and toil" of life are awhile forgotten, and all are happy. Seated not far off are a gentleman and lady, young and handsome, who have come to Killarney on their marriage trip. We suspect that in their happiness in each other, they have forgotten to bring with them any edibles; and as most of us have by this time learned that people, however loving, cannot "live on love," we try to persuade the young couple to take a share of our meal, and are not unsuccessful.

Accompanied only by the guide, you repair to a lovely heath-crowned knoll, whence the view of mountain and lake was com-manding. How exquisite the beauty of all around us! The silence itself is enchauting. The waters are unruffled, save as

od out by the boatmen, accompanied at times with amusing stories of vain attempts to rob it. One of these stories relates to a "vagabone soldier," who let himself down from the top of the rock. The "ould aigle" charged him with evil intent. "Don't I know you came to stale me children?" "Honor bright," said the soldier, "do you think I'd be doin such a mane thing!" "I'll lave it to a neighbor of mine whether you did so," And with that she bawls out, "Did he come to rob the aigle's nest!" The echo answered, "The aigle's nest." "Hear to that, ye thief!" and with that gave him a stroke of her beak between the two eyes that sent him "rowling" into the lake.

The echoes at this spot are such as, once heard, can never be

two eyes that sent him "rowling" into the lake.

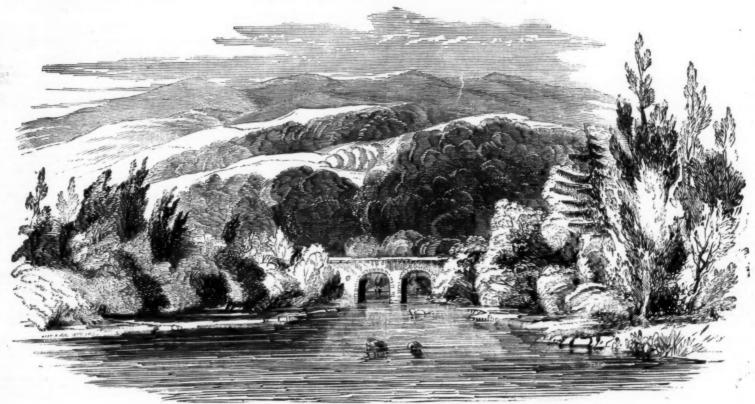
The echoes at this spot are such as, once heard, can never be forgotten. They are thus described by Mrs. S. C. Hall: "The bugle-player landed, advanced a few steps, and then placed the instrument to his lips. The effect was magical; the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note; it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly—again loudly, again softly—and then, as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rival birth, twirling and twisting round the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance, until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then he blew a few notes—ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la-A multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply—sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again he sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds. The effect was indeed that of 'enchanting revishment,' giving

'Resounding grace to all heavon's harmonics.'"

Resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies."

The bugle playing is generally followed by the firing of a cannon. "In an instant, every mountain around seems instinct with angry life, and replies in voices of thunder." But even the clapping of the hands wakes up the echoes of this famous spot, or the bay of

"A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on,
Through the bleak concave wakes this wondrous chime
Of airy voices lock"d in unison—
Faint, far off, near, deep, solemn and sublime."



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, LAKE OF KILLARNEY

Purple Mountain on the left, tower aloft, bathed in richest sunlight, the Reeks clothed almost to the very summits with an exquisite verdure, such as I never witnessed before.

aght, the Reeks clothed almost to the very summits with an exquisite verdure, such as I never witnessed before.

Down the Black Valley towards the Upper Lake rolled a rapid silver stream; and while the ladies on mountain ponies take the detowr of the bridle path, others of us, bounding from one mossy billock to another, by a short cut reach the valley, and passing through some fields which bear the name of "Lord Brandon's demesne," we find ourselves speedily on the verge of a lonely and lovely creek of the Upper Lake. Here await us, according to appointment, a hardy band of boatmen, with a trusty skiff; and this is the spot where, with whetted appetites, we are to partake of the good things which, as already intimated, our hospitable Kerry friend has had prepared for us.

While the boatmen are unpacking the baskets which they have conveyed so carefully from the Lower Lake to this point of rendezvous, let us leisurely look around us. Above and around the mountains, the lake and the islets set like eneral gems therein) all lie in silent beauty before us, and breathing the balmiest atmosphere, we feel as if there were nothing wanting to make this the fairest scene in the whole world. The Lower Lake must yield the palm, in spite of its greater extent and its more numerous islands, to the Upper. One grand reason of this is, that you are shut out from the busy world. No ploughshare has ever profaned those mountain slopes, and the everlasting hills inclose you as in a prison, which yet is felt to be a paradise.

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink, At one upon the level brink, and the cover and the cover

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink, At once upon the level brink, And just a trace of silver and Marks where the water meets the land."

Marks where the water meets the land."

If you could but spare a third day and climb to the top of yonder Mangerton, the broad Atlantic, the river of Kenmare, the Bays of Bantry and Dingle, and farther off still, the Shanson, Kilrush and Tarbert, with mountains, lakes and cataracts midway, and at our feet the three Killarney lakes, with Glena, Tore and Toomies girdling them round about like protecting walls, would be revealed to our gase. But, no! you are contented. You ask for nothing sweeter than this resting-place, and these views at the head of the Upper Lake, afterwards intensified in their beauty as we glide noiselessly over its waters homeward.

Your dinner is at length spread on the rocks, and the blessing

you look back on the "wake" made by your light boat; and you glide on through the islands, the rich arbutus dropping its branches into the water, and the very oars, as they dip lightly in the lake, have a soft and muffled sound.

the lake, have a soft and muffled sound.

Look back, ere you enter the "Long Range." Yonder, directly behind you, are the mountains, between which lies the Gap. To the left are the "tails" of the purple mountain, and to the right is rugged Cromagloon. Farewell, ye scenes of savage grandeur, and welcome the realm of beauty! For now we have turned the promontory of "Coleman's Eye," and glide rapidly down the Long Range, through a narrow channel. Midway we reach the far-famed Eagle's Nest. The rock is of a pyramidical form, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare toward the summit. It has always been the favorite residence of the golden eagle, where she builds her eyrie and nurtures her young brood without fear of human trespassers. The "Aigle's Nest" is point-



A COTTAGE NEAR KILLARNEY.

息

A BEAUTIFUL NEW TALE.

A LEGEND OF THE RHONE;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

That spiritual night whose hours were centuries had broken into day. There was light in heaven; the sir and the fresh wind of morning were felt upon the earth. The Lord had risen; the glad tidings had been preached; the name of Christian had been reviled and gloried in for more than a hundred years. The grim old gods of the Pagan world stood in their old places on their pedestals, but smitten with the undying worm and crumbling as they stood; and as the new light fell upon their ugliness, many a heart turned horror-struck from the coming ruin.

smitten with the undying worm and crumbling as they stood; and as the new light fell upon their ugliness, many a heart turned horrorstruck from the coming ruin.

They had not fallen yet, however. It needed two more conturies to bring them down; and in the meantime Christianity, like her founder, was to wear the crown of thorns and bear the cross of martyrdom, and teach by her own history, that to win the victory which conquers all things is at once to love and to suffer.

It was the second century of our era. In the south of Gaul, a valley rich and warm, watered by a rapid river, and sheltered by four bold hills, contained a city of palaces and temples built by the Romans. The four hills were crowned with fortresses. On the west a mountain rose behind them. In the midst of the valley stood a marble statue of Cybele, the great goddess of fruitful fields.

A mile or two from the city, on a green slope partly covered with chestnut-trees, there was a small scattered village, chiefly the abode of shepherds and other poor people, who fed the flocks and gathered in the harvests which supplied the palaces below.

One evening in the month of May, the luxurious citizens and the humble shepherds looked out alike on a beautiful and tranquil sunset. By the river side, at some distance from the walls, a sirl in the simplest dress, her head uncovered and without ornament, lay upon the grass reading. Her face was fair and pale; its sweet outline was an image of serene repose on which, in those troubled times, many an eye might gaze in envy or despair. Although in her sixteenth year, she was shorter than the usual height of women, and her figure was almost childlike in its slightness. It was one of those shapes, however, in which the idea of size is lost in the perfect harmony of proportion; like a remote object, diminished, but not changed, by distance; or like a miniature or a painted land-scape, giving us all the forms of beauty without reminding us how small they are. She lay a few yards from the water, and was quite

alone. One hand held back her hair; the other slowly traced the lines upon a rell of parchment lying on the grass.

The shadow of the mountain grew longer, and passed at length over the solitary student, and eclipsed the line of golden light that and been trembling across the river. Warned by the advancing shale, the girl raised her head, and looked towards the city. A moment before, as she lay entranced, her eyes cast down upon the sroll and hidden behind their lashes, a stranger might have fancied a trace of me'ancholy in her character, and would not have wondered if the lifting of the lids were to disclose a soft eye moistened by some gentle sorrow. But when the lids were litted, the soul that dream tof melancholy there might laugh at its own prediction. It was not the lightning of victorious beauty, or the sparkle of careless mirth, that broke from beneath those upraised lashes. It was something brighter and purer; the settled sanile and cloudless sunshine of peace, joy, innocence, hope and love.

The girl took up the scroll and put it in her bosom; and rising, began to walk slowly along the river side. As she did so, the eyelids fell again, and the air of repose and thought came back upon her features. A hand was laid upon her; a youth had followed and overtaken her; she turned, again unveiling the bright eyes. A warmer color came over her cheeks as she recognised her pursuer; and to his first words, "Thou art alone, dear Adela, and thy cottage is a mile hence," she answered, in a tremulous voice.

"It is late; I hasten home. Wit thou go with me, Felix?"

"Art thou in such haste? It is not evening; only the mountain hides the sun."

"The moon is risen yonder," she said. "See, there is not a little ster."

"Art thou in such haster It is not evening; only the mountain hides the sun."

"The moon is risen yonder," she said. "See, there is not a cloud in all the sky."

"Knowest thou what the sky is like to-day?" said the young man gently: "It is like the smile of Adela."

The soft color came again. There was silence between them. The eyes of Adela turned towards the river, while those of Felix wandered over his companion's face, or dived among the shady mysteries of her long dark hair.

"Art thou wont to wander by the river?" he said at last. "I never met thee alone before."

"It is long since I have walked so far. To-day my work was easy, and thou seest I have made a holiday."

"I see thou art beautiful," he cried. "Thy whole life should be a holiday."

a holiday.".

Again she looked at him without speaking; but as the young took her hand and drew her nearer to him, he felt that the

took her hand and drew her nearer to him, he felt that the frail hand trembled.

"I love thee, Adela," he said—"I love thee better than anything in the world beside. To think of thee has been my sweetest pleasure, to see thee my best reward, since that happy morning, almost a year ago, when I came for the first time to thy father's cottage. I have lands and slaves to give thee. My home is a pleasant mansion, where willing hands w.li serve thee, and thou shalt work no more. We are not strangers; we are not old: I love thee. Speak to me, sweet Adela, and be my bride."

The lids had once more failen while he spoke, nor were they lifted, as before, while she answered in a low voice, "I love thee, Felix; but I ca not be thy bride."

"Dear soul, what should divide us?" cried the youth passionately, drawing her still closer, and pressing his lips on the white forehead, which was not turned away.

"Alas," she said, "there is a barrier—it may be an eternal one. I worship in the name of Christ; and thou—thou art not of my brettren."

brethren."
"What wilt thou tell me, Adela? That I have loved a Chris-

tian?"
"God be praised!" she said.
He looked at her in consternation.
"Knowest thou our laws? hearest thou what has happened? The miserable sect is being swept away like stubble by the fire!"
"I know," she answered.
"I hou dost, Adela? But not all—surely not all. The persecution was never hotter; the victims are without number. In the next valley they have tortured maidens young as thou, have fed the dogs and the eagles with flesh tern from their living bosoms. The thought is herrible! No, thou art not a Christian; I swear it by the gods of Rome!"
She grew paler as he spoke; but she only answered,

the gods of Rome!"

She grew paler as he spoke; but she only answered,
"I tremble, Felix; but I am not afraid."
"Nay, there is no cause. Unsay that wretched word. Let slaves
be Christians; thou art only Adela!"
She shook her head, and half turned away.
"Felix, I love life—and thee."
"Divinest Adela!"
"I bydge then how I love Christ; for I am still a Christian."

"Felix, I love life—and thee."
"Divinest Adela!"
"Judge, then, how I love Christ; for I am still a Christian."
"The gods forbid!"
"Thy gods are nothing."
"Adela, I reverence the gods."
"I know," she said again.
The young man took her hand, and gazed into her eyes.
"Felix," she said, "I have told my secret; my life is in lower. Farewell! Night is falting; we can never meet to."

The young man took her hand, and gased into her eyes.

"Felix," she said, "I have told my secret; my life is in thy power. Farewell! Night is falling; we can never meet thus again."

Once more she raised her eyes to those which turned continually upon her, and again the white cheek lost its whiteness, and he hand grew tremulous in the young man's grasp. But the river ran darkly now, and stars began to twinkle.

The youth locked down with painful compassion on the light form at his side. She would have stepped back; but her hand was held with a clasp so sudden and convulsive that she paused again. Listening while she spoke, gazing while he listened, feeling the soft hair wave over his hand, young Felix had followed almost mechanically the current of their strange discourse, forgetting the approaching sadness of its inevitable end.

"Farewell," he exclaimed, "and never to meet thus again? What phantom has come between us? Words? worships? What have these to do with love?"

"Alas," she answered, "I love thee—it is true I love thee; but my heart, while it felt thee growing dearer, felt also that it was not well. I have erred; I have wronged thee. This night requites the folly of a year."

"Long years shall repay the sorrow of this night, beautiful Adels, and thy folly shall be life-long wisdom. Keep thy faith in secret. Live with me in safety. No gods shall part us. Thou lovest me; thou art mine!"

"Oh, Felix, leave me," she answered, weeping. "I am weak; I am tempted; but those who marry and are happy must serve the same God, or forget they have a God to serve."

Instead of replying the young man pressed her to his bosom, and bending over her beautiful head, he whispered:

"Then be it ao, Adela. Thy God shall be mine also. I care not; I love thee."

He would have said more, but she sprang from him with sudden

would have said more, but she sprang from him with sudder

He would have said more, but she sprang from him with sudden sucrey.

"What dost thou mean?" she said in a voice of sorrowful repreach.

"Am I, too, an ido!? Will thou worship me?"

"Thou art a goddess, Adela, and I will not lose thee," he cried; but her lips forbade him to approach, and she continued earnestly and rapidly:

"Is faith a garment to be worn to-day and changed to-morrow? Is the moment's passion thy master and lord? Dost thou think so vilely of the Christian's God as to offer him unholy service—nothing but the love of me? "Oh, Felix, I am debased, I am wronged; thou makest me a tempter, a guilty sorrecress. But indeed it shall not be so; thou shalt change thy faith for God and truth, but never for Adela."

Her lover's eyes had fallen to the ground; but she went on speaking. She spoke of purity, of sincerity, of a life to come. He listened, comprehending little of the strange doctrine, but melted by its tenderness; and when she ceased he was weeping. In an instant she was again beside him, drawing away the hands that hid her face, and asying:

"Look up; be comforted. Learn better things than these. Love me, if thou wilt; remember me, if thou cans: without sorrow. We are divided now, but it is only for a little time."

For some minutes he could only receive her tenderness in silence.

"Adela," at length he said, "I must know more of thy faith; teach it to she."

Bhe hesitated; words ready to be uttered seemed to die upon her lips.

I may not be thy teacher," she replied at last in a low voice; "but

lips.

I may not be thy teacher," ahe replied at last in a low voice; "but here is one who will not rob thee of thy sincerity. If thou wouldst knew mere, my father will instruct thee."

She gave him the scroll she had been studying.

"Parewell!" she added, stretching out her hand. He did not take the hand. He enthreads he with wild rappere, for one moment she first kits of love was mimpled with the bitterness of the last; and then, with a gesture that left him motionless, she sprang away, and passed into the descending shadows that obscured the plain.

It also a second to the descending shadows that obscured the plain.

It also the second the second the second that he second the plain is the plain. It is the plain is the plain of the second that the second the second that obscured the plain is the plain. It is the plain in the second that the s hour she did not move. The flowers below were wet with the sad-dest dew that falls upon the world. Then the head was raised again; its tears were over. The gentlest of the spirits of peace sat smiling on her forehead; and returning to her sister's bedside, she

again; its tears were over. The gentlest of the spirits of peace sat smiling on her forehead; and returning to her sister's bedside, she lay down and slept.

Several weeks had passed. It was the height of summer. The valley was gorgeous; but there was a blight upon the corn. The smoke of sacrifice had risen daily to the great goddess Cybele; her marble statue was half covered with wreaths of flowers, and troops of worshippers with instruments of noisy music rambled over the fields. The thoman sentinels upon the four hills looked down on their veiled idol through the hot atmosphere of noon. Behold, the wreaths were gone; the white marble stood bare and dazzling in the midet of the valley. Out of the city gates a crowd was pouring rapidly; the people ran and shanted. The sound swept up the hill-side: "Cybele! great Cybele!" They gathered round the statue, swaying to and fro. The cries became confused, and the tumult fearful. Then the multitude swept back towards the city; and as the afternoon went on, the sentinels saw the white left hidden again among leaves and flowers.

In the little village among the chestnut-trees, an evening meal was spread in a poor shepherd's cottage. Four persons were seated there. A vasant stool stood ready for another guest. The mother

of Adela sat beside her younger daughter. The young couple opposite were Margaret and her husband. A look of satisfied delight was on the mother's face as she contemplated her children, and listened to or joined in their quiet conversation. The younger bride put her own into her husband's hand, and smiled as she looked at him The mother smiled also with looks of joyful satisfaction. "Ye are happy, my children; your home will be a home of peace."

"Ye are happy, my children; your home will be a nome of peace."
"It is a happy thing to be married," replied the youth. "What sayest thou, Margaret?"
"It is the happiess thing in the world," she answered.
The shepherd entered, and the young people rose respectfully. He looked grave, saluted them in a few ahors words, and seated himself on the empty stool. After a short pause, looking with great kindness round the table, he took up a scroll lying near, and read in a slow and serious voice:

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoice not; and they that buy, as though they possess not; and they that use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.""

they that use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

His hearers remained silent when he had finished.

"My children," he continued, "the martyrs' thrones are not yet filled, nor are the kingdoms of the Lord of Love. The sin of men is great, and the fields are blighted. The heathen have prayed for help to their dead idol, and covered her image with their garlands. One of our brethren, with a zeal too rash, perhaps, but holy, has torn down the pagan wreaths and proclaimed himself a Christian. They have hewed his body limb from limb. His soul is with the Lord. The rage of the idolaters is boundless. They accuse Christ's people of devilry, and lay the ruin of our harvest to our charge. Their lawa against us are cruel; and we, who e humble lives have hitherto been overlooked while others perished, may find the stake ready for us to-morrow, or to-day."

while others perished, may find the stake ready for us to-morrow, or to-day."

His voice did not tremble, or his eve quail. The wife laid her hand upon his shouller, and looked in his caim face with visible but not timorous emotion. Margaret and her husband drew nearer to each other with anxious looks. Adela's face expressed neither sorrow nor alarm; only a brighter light than usual was in her eyes, which were fixed upon her father's forchead.

"The Lord's will be done," the mother said. "It may be they will spare the young."

"It may be," replied her husband: "but they are not mereiful."

"The stake!" cried Margaret. "It is terrible!" and she hid her face in her young husband's bosom.

"The cross was far more terrible," said the father. "Fear not, my child." But Margaret clung closer to her husband.

"Why should we die?" she cried. We do not harm them. Why should we die so soon?"

"Dear daughter," the father answered, "death lies always between here and heaven. Shall we walk slowly through the valley when God sends His chariot of flames? Which will ye choose, my children?"

"The charlot," cried Adela: and Maywaret said no room.

children?"
"The chariot," cried Adela; and Margaret said no more.
Their meal was hardly over when the latch of the cottage-door was suddenly raised. They started, and every face seemed, though with different feelings, to expect the entrance of an executioner. It was a neighbor only, sent by an assembly of the Christian brethren to summon Adela's parents to their secret meeting that evening. Margaret and her husband left the cottage with the two elder people, and Adela was alone.

summon Adela's parents to their secret meeting that evening. Margaret and her husband left the cottage with the two elder people, and Adela was alone.

She put away the coarse dishes in silence; and when the room was set in order, and sunset through the casement laid on the rude furniture a covering of richest gold, the shepherd's daughter sat down on an oak stool by the window, and fell into a long reverie. Poverty, the pride of St. Francis, has been painted clothed in coarse garments, with her feet torn and bleeding, but a crown of light and roses on her head. To the greater part of markind it is a fancy picture, all but the coarse garments and the bleeding feet; as for the crown, they neither see it nor believe it can be there. To lay up treasure for the future; to say to the soul, "Thou hast much goods laid by;" to feel that te-morrow's bread depends neither on the labor of to-morrow, nor on man's charity, nor on God's bounty—such is the desire of all nations. And Povety meanwhile goes her pilgrimage, treading the stony roads men make about their palaces, passing the solemn temples where the great god Self takes tithes and offerings to the full half of men's possessions; hearing the boast of power, but the clank of chains, and smilling now and then in pity; for the noyal diadem is indeed upon her head, and the pieture is a true one.

for the royal diadem is indeed upon her head, and the pieture is a true one.

The sunlight, softening as the great orb went down, streamed through the window. The shadows of its vineleaves lay on the head of Adela fike fairy relis-work; her long hair twining round the visionary bars. The door opgared. It was Felix. She ross quickly and welcomed him with startled pleasure, half blushed, grew pale again, and leaned upon the window sill as if her limbs were failing her. Felix was so full of happiness, that, with the namel self-absorption of his species, he saw only that Adela was there.

"A ble sed hour," he cried; "thou art alone. Adela, thou hast saved me; I have read thy Book of Light, and thought of thee as I read; I renounce the Roman gods; I am no more a Pagan. Thou has given me thy faith; give me thyself, dear angel; my deliverer, my teacher; O, best of all, my bride."

Her lips were lifeless. When she spoke, her first words trembled exceedingly. But the weakness was of the body, not the soul; and her.

her.
"Thou hast read the Book of Light and thought of me! Thou ast renounced thy gods—renounced them to believe in mine! O, selix, it is not Heaven that has guided thee; it is not Christ whom

"Thou hast read the Book of Light and thought of me! Thou hast renounced thy gods—renounced them to believe in mine! O, Fellx, it is not Heaven that has guided thee; it is not Christ whom thou hast loved."

"I have loved thee, Adela, with passion so intense that I have dared the peril of my life, and touched what I had learned to think the plague-spot was the sign of thy eternal malady; to be ill with thee was better than pure health alone. Thy faith is true, Adela; canst thou reject the convert thou hast made?"

"Alas, alas," she cried, "I fear thou hast read in vain; altogether in vain. It is not to know the truth, but with pure heart to seek it; it is not to how before the Lord, but more than all else to love Him, that makes acceptable worship to the Christian's God. We must part, Felix. I tempt thee to deceive thyself. Thy love is for this world only; but thou hast not reached the threshold of the holy faith till thou knowest that this world is nothing, and that to buy its happiness by one unworthy thought; is to pay for raindrops with priceless pearls, to borrow dust and ashes at an infinite usury."

He was silent, and she went on: "I have looked for this hour. It came before my mind like prophecy. I, saw thee telling me thy love and thy conversion; taking me to thy heart and home. I thought heaven had come down to me; but my eyes were opened, and I saw the truth beyond my dreams. A day of happiness, a short bright day; then the inevitable night and the eternal morning, and our hearts laid bare in heaven, and found—unclean."

He did not seem to have been listening. He seized her hand almost with violence, and exclaimed, "Thou wilt not trust me, Adela. Thou fearest my truth, my constancy. He has changed once; he may change again. He has forsworn his gods; he may forswear his love. This is what thou thinkest."

Tears filled her eyes; but she has howered almost tenderly, "It is a cruel judgment, Felix, and it does me wrong. Depart from me. Let land and sea divide us. It is good for thee to go."

He answered h

the Todi Me be we had we

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in ble and vic

he same direction a red light shining on the clouds spread upwards in the undulations and broad continuous flashes which accompany the terrible spectacle of a fire in the night. Adels stood still upon the threshold. A sudden awe passed over her. She obeyed the instinct that seemed to direct her ateps, and walked rapidly towards

(To be concluded in our next.)

WALLER TO SACCHARISSA. A PHANTASY. By John Brougham.

I WILL not venture to compare Those flashing eyes
To sunny skies,
To threads of gold thy wealth of hair,
Thy check unto the roses' glow,
Thy polished brow

To lilies glancing in the light,
Or Parian white—
Thy bosom to the virgin snow;

For these Are weak and well-worn similes.

Thine eyes are like—like—let me see— The violet's hue Reflected through A drop of dew No-that won't do-No semblance true In ample Nature can there be To equal their intensity-

Their heavenly blue; Twere just as vain to seek Through every flower to match thy glowing cheek.

Not gold could shed

Such radiant glory as ensaints thy head.

Besides, I now remember, Your golden tresses are but flattered red, And thine are living amber; As, when 'tis ripest, on the waving corn The sunbeams glance upon a harvest morn.

To the pale lustre of thy brow The lily's self perforce must Low; The marble's cold, And very old; Thy bosom, as the new-fallen snow,

Is quite As white, And melts as soon with love's warm glow; But then While that receives an early stain,

Thy purer bosom doth still pure remain. Since to my mind I cannot find
A simile of any kind, I argue hence, Thou art the sense
And spirit of all excellence—
The charm-bestowing fount, from whence Fate doth dispense Its various bounties to the fair, The loveliest of whom but share

A PICKPOCKETS' BALL, Observed by Doesticks, P. B.

A portion of the gifts thou well canst spare.

Carroo balls, charity balls, military balls, fancy dress balls, Pickwick balls, firemen's balls, bachelors' balls, and Benedicts' balls, with all these are we acquainted, and though we never heard of an old maids' ball, we have known a ladies' ball where the fair sex vice versaed the ordinary usages of society, and bestowed on the lords of creation those attentions which the ladies ordinarily exact as their own right—where silk and satin asked broadcloth and doeskin to dance; where eardrops and bracelets escorted dress-coat and shirt-collar down to supper, and bracelets helped moustaches to ice-cream and Charlotte-Russe; and where laces and flounces and satin slippers paid the Lills and carefully conveyed pantaloons and patent leathers to their masculine ho carriages hired for the occasion, and settled for the fares with the

drivers afterwards.

But who among you all has ever been to a pickpockets' and thieves' ball? Or who has ever surmised even that there are such places, where the professors of the light-fingered art, and the knights of the jimmy and dark lautern betake themselves after the toils of the day are over, to bask in the entertaining society of their female friends? Gentle reader, I don't take you for a burglar. I don't think you are a robber, nor will I suppose that you have ever picked a pocket even in an amateur way, and therefore I take it for granted that you have never visited the secluded haunts where the thieves of our moral city indulge in 'the pleasurea of saltatory exercise; where they celebrate the Terpsichorean rite; where they persistently pass the ruby, and disport themselves in the gay and festive figures of the mazy, as Mr, Richard Swiveller would observe; in short you have never been to a pickpockets' ball, where none but "cross" men were welcome, and all "square" men vigorously excluded. Now I have, and so has Padlin, and as we went there on purpose that we might edify you by the account of our adventures, listen ye to the recital thereof.

Up Broadway to the street whose name remindeth one of

Broadway to the street whose name remindeth on borse-power navigation, and is a perpetual thorn in the side of the unfortunate tax-payer who footeth the bill for State internal improvements; then turn off at a sharp angle until you come to a house from which issue the jovial sounds of profuse fiddling and dancing, and there, within full sight of the moralities, and hudancing, and there, within full sight of the moranties, and numerolate respectabilities of Bresdway, is the spot where the aritheratic rascalities most do congregate during their hours of relaxation and enjoyment. I say aristocratic rascalities, for you must know that none but the upper ten of scamps are presentable here; the chasen ones, the big bugs, the upper crust, the noblesse, the "quality," the grandees, the patricians, the élite, in fact the very blood, birth, rank and fashion of thierdom assemble, the forced of the control of the c ble in this favored hall. The rescal rabble are carefully excinded, and a vulgar thief, a garotter for instance, who practices brute violence, instead of those branches of the protession requiring purely scientific manual dexterity, would no more be received here than would a member of Engine 97, attired in a red shirt and cowhide toots, be admitted among the "exclusives" of a Fifth avenue party.

I know sundry curious people; among the others, I have two murderers on my list of acquaintances, and it is not therefore surprising that I was able to discover an individual who undertook to procure me admission to this dainty re-union of rascals. My friend was not a thief, but one whose former business in

connection with the bar-keeping profession had made him acquainted with a goodly number of too traternity. He accompanied us, and by some hocus-pocus conversation with the door-keeper and by the payment of the customary fee, twenty-five cents, he so mollified that one-headed Cerberus, that he objected not to our reception. How this was managed I don't exactly know, but I am under the impression that Padlin was presented as an arist cratic burglar of extraordinary ambition, who despised anything less than a bank or a broker's office with large deposits in the vault; and I know that the assembled worthies paid me particular attention, under the impression that I was a horsetrief of promising ability.

The room to which we were admitted was a ball-room of about eighty feet in length and twenty-five in width, lighted by three chandeliers and a number of sidelights, and warmed in part by an enormous stove at one end. At the same end of the room, and in the immediate vicinity of the huge stove was a small bar, where the customary variety of bibulous luxuries were to be had by payment of the usual prices. Around the s'ove were clustered a number of women gaily dressed but perfectly decorous in their deportment, save some certain freedoms in their language. It hurts my tender feelings to say it, but these ladies were emphatic in their diction, even at times to profanity; in fact one would naturally have suppresed them to be on familiar terms with the devil, and favored visitors at his pyrotechnic abode, from the irequency with which they mentioned that gentleman and his domicile.

Benches, for the acc mmodation of those who were not occupied on the dancing-floor, extended nearly the whole length of

Benches, for the accommodation of those who were not occupied on the dancing-floor, extended nearly the whole length of the room; the music ans were perched in a sort of box fixed against the wall, at a height of about eight or ten feet from the against the wall, at a height of about eight or ten feet from the floor; they entered this hanging apartment by means of a ladder which they drew up after them, thereby protecting themselves from intrusion and making their marten-box an ark of safety in case of any belligerent demonstrations by the excited visitors. If a row ever should occur in which they felt disposed to take a hand, they could retain their commanding position and pistol their adver aries at their eleg nt leisure. The music was a tolerable article, the floor was smooth and springy, the room was well lighted and orderly, the ladies were accommodating if not refined, and there seemed to be no reason why persons of even more than average fastidiousness could not trip their fantastic toes without any shock to their refined sensibilities.

The ladies, in justice to them be it said, bestowed upon us attentions that would, under ordinary circumstances, have been

any shock to their refined sensibilities.

The ladies, in justice to them be it said, bestowed upon us attentions that would, under ordinary circumstances, have been flattering, but which, we were led to think, were in this instance superinduced by hopes of spirituous compounds at the bar, which they were to drink and we were to pay for. I resisted the importunities of a gay lass in a crimson sick dress and purple bonnet with yellow flowers, who addressed me as "old hoss," and insisted that I shou'd dance with her; I repudiated the equine appellation, and declined the honor with a modest but firm propriety, which I hope I may get credit for, and then I sat me down upon a bench to take note of the 'estivities. "Padlin the Sketcher was besieged by a loving nymph, whose most noticeable features were an orange dress and flame-colored shawl; nymph desired Padlin to dance—Padlin assured nymph couldn't—nymph appealed to Padin's sympathies, assuring him that sue hadn t found anybody to "shake a leg with the whole evening," meaning thereby that her charms of appearance and conversation had all be:n unavailing to secure her a partner for the dance. Padlin pointed to his heavy boots, and nymph, finding him obdurate on that question, changed the subject, and attempted to negotiate a loan of half a dollar, but I have reason to believe that this demand was finally compromised by milk-punches, after which Padlin came and seated himself by my side.

Visitors dropped in rapidly, and the business of the evening

Visitors dropped in rapidly, and the business of the evening Visitors dropped in rapidly, and the business of the evening was conducted in an unconventional style that was truly refreshing. The gentlemen were, as a rule, well clad, guiltless, to be sure, of white kids, and not perhaps in all cases spotless as to their linen, but broadclothed and cassimered to that extent that snobs would denominate them "genteelly dressed." They were profuse as to jewellery, and all appeared to have an amiable and innocent passion for watch-chains of exceeding heaviness, and to be especially gorgeous in the article of shirt-studs.

I took a close look at their fingers, knowing that they got I took a close look at their fingers, knowing that they got their various livings by the expert use of those useful members, and expecting to see hands of uncommon delicacy; I had supposed that, to be a successful pickpocket, a man must be provided by nature with hands of the daintiest description, and which should possess a digital sensitiveness surpassing by far that of ordinary men. I was entirely wrong in the supposition. Pickpockets' hands are like the hands of other men, and are unclean and discolored about the nails, as the hands of vulgar man centrally are. men generally are.

The drst proceeding on the part of the visitors was generally to "take a drink," in which ceremony the ladies cheerfully rendered their assistance when honored with an invitation so to do. The bar-keeper was also floor manager and master of ceremonies generally, and would undertake to furnish a man with a drink, make his change, provide him with a partner, and set him dan cing, all within the limited time of half a minute.

After the company had been increased by constant additions to the number of about thirty, the kind friend who had introduced us came and pointed out the celebrities, somewhat after the following style:

following style:

"That chap over there, with the frock-coat and cloth gaiters, is 'Downy Jake,' just out of States' Prison, where he was sent for a bit of burglary; the fellow in a white choker, who looks like a country parson having his annual city spree, is 'Johnny Ripley,' the English' knuck' (pickpocket), who could steal your toc-nails out of your boots if it was any object.' That knock-kneed little fellow, dancing with a partner bigger than he is, was tried for a bank robbery, but got off because his 'pal,' who was witness against him, mysteriously died in jeil one day after drinking some brandy that his 'Moll' had smuggled into him; the girl who is dancing with him and smoking the cigar is 'Big Lize,' who can hit out from the shoulder like pize-tighter: she get drunk about twice a year, and then is more than a match for any policeman in the city, unless he clubs her into submisfor any policeman in the city, unless he clubs her into submis

sion."

In this way our well-posted informant went on, and we gradually learned that the smiling, amiable gentlemen before us who were enjoying themselves so innocently, were roblers of various degrees, of daring and desperation, but few of whom would heatate to use the knife or revolver if interfered with in would heatast to use the Kille of Involver I interests and their operations. Though the room was not so romantic as the robbers' cave of the "Arabian Nights" which Cassim, the brother of Ali Baba, got into and couldn't get out o'; and though the robbers were not, clad in the rich Oriental 70 bey of the forty robbers, or the picture-que attire of Italian bandits, the place was robbers, or the picture-que attire of Italian bardus, the place was no less a den of thieves, and the men no less rascals than had they been more romantic and less like common things.

The language used by these worthies was not in all cases purely classic, and it may interest the resder to hear a specimen. Who would know his own head if he heard it spoken of as a "nut?" or who would be able to recognise those useful members of his body if he heard his face mentioned as a "mug," his nose called a

"smeller," his mouth denominated a "gash," his ears remarked upon as "listeners," his eyes specified as "gazers," his hands alluded to as "dukes," his legs declared to be "props," and his body referred to by the name of "bread-basket?" It may be useful to know that a man is sometimes called a "bloke," and a woman a "moll;" that a keen man is a "fly," and a stupid man a "flat;" and that to assassinate an individual is disguised under the Good S. maritan phrase of "giving him consolation!"

A man's pocketbook is called a "dummy," and a lady's portemonnaie is called a "molly," and the pickpocket who earns an honest livelihood by abstracting these useful articles from their legitimate owners is a "knuck." A "screwsman" is one who takes an impression in wax of the keyhole of a lock, fits a key, enters a house without violence; a "cracksman" is the person who boldly forces your premises with a "jimmy" or crowbar, and helps himself to your valuables by the light of a dark lantern. By the time Padlin and I had been put in possession of these important particulars, the proprietor came from behind the bar, to make preparations for a "grand dance. Previous to this the dancing had been merely waltzing, performed intermittently by the girls, a couple of whom would seize each other by the waist, whisk about the room once or twice, and then settle down. I noted that this little manœuvre was generally executed by two girls who found, when they were at the lower end of the room, that there was some lively drinking going on at the bar, which they desired to investigate, and therefore wheeled themselves up in that direction, to the lively notes of a waltz.

But a grander demonstration was to be made, and as there was room on the floor for four or five quadrilles, there was plenty of space for all present to enjoy themselves. The floor-manager proceeded in the most energetic manner, and although his manner was not quite so polished as it might have been, it was very effectual. By dint of coaxing the men (who had paid twenty-five c

live cents), and swearing at the women (who hadn't paid anything), and who returned his profane remarks with the greatest good-nature, he finally got four quadrilles on the floor, lacking only the side couples for the last one. Leading up two delightful creatures in a ta kative state of rum-punch, he said to Padlin and me, "Come on, boys, here's a couple of good-lookin' gals—first-rate dancers; come out and have a jig." The f ir ladica also joined energetically in the solicitations, to the extent even of taking modest me by the collar, and dragging me to the floor. Padlin coyly objected, but the fair damsel who had determined to have him for a partner suddenly threw one delicate arm about his waist, and by main strength persuaded him to take his place. One of the men in our set was "Corky Jem," a daring "cracksman," with a sweet smile and very fine teeth; the other was "Irish John Lake," distinguished for his desperate manipulations as a "knuck."

The music struck up, and the dance began. Most of the men had cigars, and all had their hats on, while the ladies were n't only bonneted, but some of them even cloaked; in fact, the fair creature who was so attentive to Padlin, had an ermine caps, which no considerations of heat could induce her to take off. I suggested to our guide, that perhaps knowing her company, she feared if she should put off that expensively rich article, it might, like other riches, take to itself wings and fly away; but he assured me that in his house "honor among thieves" is a rule strictly observed, and they don't steal from each other.

Strangest sight of all was a little child, about three years of age, frolicking among the dancers, and being treated by every one with the greatest tenderness and care.

By the time this dance was over we had seen enough, and resolved to depart. Padlin's divinity insisted on another drink, which that bewildered gentleman paid for, and we left the presence.

If the people who promenade Broadway, of a pleasant after-

presence.

If the people who promenade Broadway, of a pleasant aftermoon, could look in on an assembly of pickpockets, they would
recognize among them many faces well known on the street, and
not generally suspected of belonging to the eminently respectable
fraternity of Thieves.

The Bleeding Barbers of Naples at Work.

A letter from Naples gives some curious insight into the customs of King Bomba's subjects. The writer says: "The proverb which says that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, was never more strongly exemplified than in the case of this earthquake. One might suppose it difficult that such a calamitous convulsion of nature should bring benefit to any class, but we learn that it has filled the pockets of the barbers of Naples. The Neapolitans are in the habit, when anything occurs to shock or turrify them, of getting themselves bled. I am ignorant in what this curious custom originated —whether those who persevere in it can assign for it a plausible reason; but it is certain that after a violent emotion most Neapolitans would consider themselves in perlif they had not immediate recourse to phlebotomy. I know a Neapolitan gentleman who was once sought after by the police for political causes. He was well concealed, and ultimately escaped; but his father's house was searched, to the great alarm of the family, and the sbrrish ad hardly left it when the bar-er was called in to bleed every member of the household. Now it is difficult to imagine a severer shock to the system than that of an earthquake, and we can imagine the dire consternation that prevailed in Naples, when, at ten at night, houses rocked, chandeliers swung to and fro, and furniture was overturned; and accordingly we need not be surprised to learn that the barbers and their lancets were in immediate request, and, in fact, could not meet the demand for their services. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were bled."

persons were bled."

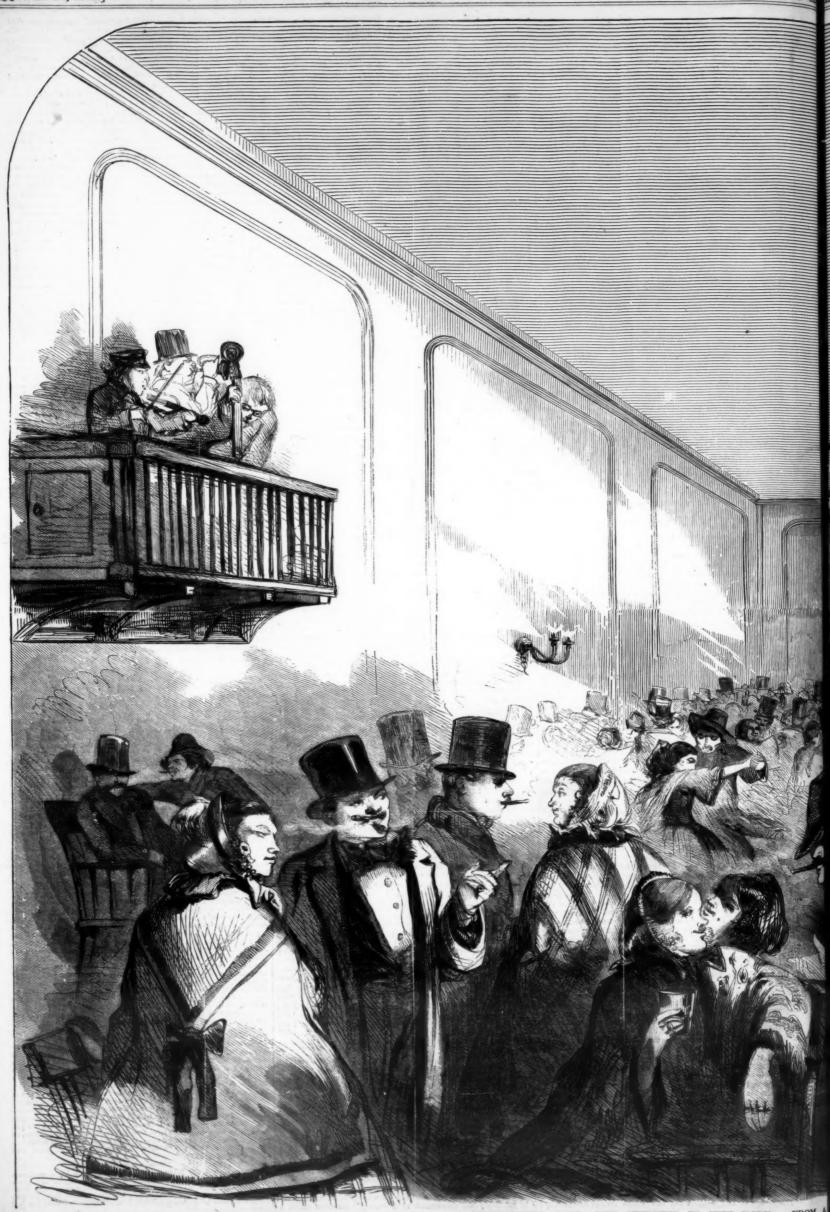
Safety from Fire.

The Emperor and Empress of the French went, a few days since, to Neuilly, to witness some experiments, conducted by M. Carteron, the inventor of a process for rendering wood tissues of all sorts, theatrical decorations, &c., incombustible. The experiments are reported to have been entirely successful. Ladies' dresses of the most gauzelike materials were set fire to and would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous slaming torebes. A cottage, half of which was secured by M. Carteron's preparation, and the other half filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side; the sames raged with fury, and consumed half of the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theatre, with all its scenery, ropes and decorations, was attempted to be burnt in vain. Their-Majesties, who remained upwards of an hour, expressed great satisfaction at what they had witnessed, and the Emperor gave 600f, to the workmen employed.

A Thirving Eccle-tastic.

The Abbe D., almoner of the last prayers at the Northern Cemetery, Paris, has just been convicted of a most inveterate monomaria—that of theft. For a long while the pearl flowers, the white wreaths and other souvenirs placed on the tombs by sarviving friends of the dead, have oisappeared most mysteriously. Every effort was made to detect the thief, and at last the abbe was caught is the act. He confessed the crime and is now in the hands of justice. He has confessed everything. The articles stolen were distributed among various monument makers, as well as among friends and acquaintances. Whether he sold them or not is not known. The strangest thing is that among the articles stolen were some whose weight would have alarmed professional street-porters, such, for ine and, a knowledged by him.

Some years ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large andience in a wild part of himors, and announced for his text, "is my fatter's house are many manelons." He had scarcely commenced, when an old coon stood up, and sate, "I sell you, folks, that's a Le Thnow his father well. He lived fitteen miles from Lexingous, in Kentuck, in an old cabin, and there aim but one room in the house."



A PICKPOCKETS' BALL,-LIFE SKETCHES IN NEW YORK.



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AURA REENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET. Sole Lessee and Directress. A Lew Drams, in three acts, by Cyril Turner, entitled WHITE LIES.

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s; Orchestra Stal's, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

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To Connersoromers.—If areuts and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Ombral or South America, and Canadas, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with worlien decreption, they will be thanky ally received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged wor our fromters, or attacked to itations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the objection will be consulting acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

	NEW	FORK,	FEBRUARY	20,	1858.
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Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Illustrated News aper, both for Four Dollars. Our friends will please address

FRANK LESLIE, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y.

Our Next Namber.

A Superb Four Page Engraving of Crawford's Monumento Washington.

THE city of Richmond, on the 22d of February, will present one of the most imposing seenes enacted in honor of Washington that patriotism can conceive and genius execute. On that day Crawford's statue of the Father of his Country will be inaugu rat d amid the plaudits of an admiring multitude of freemen, inspired by the eloquence of orators, the poetic thought of the rshipper of the muses, and the unexampled achievements of exalted art.

To do proper honor to the occasion, so far as our columns are concerned, we shall publish in our next issue

A FOUR PAGE ENGRAVING

of the monument, one of the largest ever issued in this country, drawn by our best artists, from copyrighted photographs, taken expressly for this paper. We shall also give portraits of the ors and poets who will honor the day with their presence, together with a detailed history of the origin of the monument, and a tribute to the genius of the lamented Crawford. Expense and trouble have not been regarded in car ying out our desires to render these illustrations worthy of the great event they commemorate, and worthy of the reputation the public has bestowed upon us, of publishing the only Illustrated Newspaper in the country. Independent of the illustrations and reading matter alluded to, there will be other subjects treated of the most interesting character, making the number a marvel of literary

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be th LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA. 81 THE TOTAL

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elabora'e architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel no little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIN'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Jones his Historie.

In answer to the anxious inquiries respecting the ultimate end of " Jones ye Moderne Barkeepere," we would state that we have received a postscript which throws much light upon his motions. We shall publish it immediately. Be not over anxious; the end will come.

Frank Leslie's Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion ...

The March number of this popular magazine, just published, among other original and protusely illustrated articles, contains one entitled "The Mormon as Home." It is one of the fullest and most reliable pictures of the workings of Mormon institutions and social life that has very been presented to the public. It should be read by all who desire to understand she true wick-edness of this miserable delution.

Domestic.

A Manualar has been presented to the Senate from the citizens of Albany, in which they offer to raise a volunteer regiment for Utah. A resolution was carried in the Senate, after much discu sion, by a vote of 32 yeas to 12 nays, for making an appropriation for printing the opinions of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. A resolution calling upon the Secretary of War to inform the Senate what officers of the army belonging to the regiments now in active service were absent from their posts, was unanimously passed. The Army bill was still under discussion. In the House much consideration has been given to a bill which is intended to further amend the act to safety of passengers in vessels propelled wholly or partly by steam. Such a bill is notoriously needed. The Speaker announced in the House the committee of fifteen, under the resolution of Mr. Harris, to refer the Lecompton constitution and the Kansas message. He named also the committee to investigate the facts relative to the purchase of the land at Willet's Point. Some rich discoveries are expected. The Tariff investigation committee, through their chairman, Mr. Stanton, report that Mr. J. W. Wolcot's replies were unsatisfactory. They state that they have proof that Lawrence, Stone & Co. put \$58,000 of the \$87,000, for lobbying purposes, into his hands, and ask that he be arraigned at the bar of the House for contempt.

In the State Senate bi ls were introduced to prevent frauds by Warehousemen and Wharfingers, and to amend a portion of the Revised Statutes relating to disorderly persons by imposing additional fines. The bill to enforce the liability of Common Carriers or persons engaged in the Express business, was favorably reported. A bill limiting the time for the Collection of Taxes to the first Monday in April was passed. In the House a proposition was favorably reported for a Special Committee to inquire into the management of the Gas Companies in Brooklyn.

That wretched, disorganized and unstable country, Mexico, has ejected Comonfort from its bosom, and the Dictator for a month or two is now in this country. The liberal party is utterly crushed out, and anarchy holds absolute reign everywhere. General Zuloaga was, at the latest dates, the Provisional President, but it is more than probable that he is kicked out by this time. He had restored the Ecclesiastical and Military jurisdiction, which Comonfort had abolished. The movement in favor of Santa Anna seems to be perfectly successful, and in all human probability, by the time that political mountebank holds the reins of Government-if there are either reins or Government-Mexico, that hotbed of turbulence and revolution, is becoming an unendurable nuisance. Some enterprising speculator should offer two or three millions of dollars to the next "Provisional President" to buy out Mexico body and boots, for soul it has none and then sell the concern to us at two hundred per cent. profit, which would be cheap, considering the good use we could make of the now wretched and unprofitable country.

Foreign.

THE most stirring item of European conversation at the date of our latest news, was the marriage of Prince Frederick William of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England. The ceremony took place on the 25th of January, and the day was generally observed throughout England as a holiday. The affair was evidently looked upon by the English people as an auspicious event, for the rejoicing and enthusiasm was general and hearty. The particulars of the imposing ceremonies and festivities will be found in the "Gossip for the Ladies." The inveterate gossiping proclivities of our lady editor have found ample verge and scope in the details of this interesting event. The Leviathan has approached so close to the edge of the ways that at high tide it became uneasy and restless, as though it wanted to float off and commence its first voyage. The Queen of Oude died at Paris on the 24th ult., of consumption. The details of the plot to assassinate the Emperor of France are simple, but do not develop anything new. A large number of arcests have been made. The Grand Army of Paris has presented a congratulatory address to the Empetor which contains the following sontence, which must be received with considerable allowance as coming from the petted instruments of the Emperor's power ;

"Even had the odious attempt succeeded, it would not have over-thrown the empire. We should have effect, 'The Emperor Napoleon is dead! Long live the Emperor Napoleon the Fourth!' Strong in the Constitution and laws, we should at once have proclaimed the Prince Imperial. Henceforth the Napoleons must reign over France. It is our prayer, and it will be that of our children."

It is said that General Changarnier is about to return to France.

General Lamoriciere has already taken that step. There is also some talk of dividing France into four military departments, with all the necessary military depôts, to be commanded by four renerals who are known to be most favorable to the Bonaparte dynasty ; so that, in case of the premature death of the Emperor, the empire can be maintained intact for his son, the young hop of France. The news from India is not of startling interest. Bit Colin Campbell was going to Futtyghur, while Sir James Outran remained at Alumbagh with 4,000 men. The rebels who fled from Cawapoor are congregating at Pithoor and Calpee. Jung Bahadoor had left Nepaul with the Ghoorka column of 9,000 men, to serve in the British territories.

Consols were at 954. Money was buoyant, and thereplenty to invest in good securities. There was a slight rise in cotton, but breadstuffs continued dull.

The Kane Lodge.

Aw effort is being made to establish a new Masonic body in this eity, to be called the "Kane Lodge," in honor of the deceased Etisha Kent Kane; and applications have been made to the Mesonic authorities to further this proceeding. It is intended to honor the acts of an eminent member of the fraternity, whose virtues and schievement are to be inscribed on a Masonic cenotaph, and we know of no testimonial which is more needed, or tter deserved.

The brethren who have inaugurated the present movement were desirous of obtaining the figure-head of the Advance, to be placed in their longe-room, and one of their number addressed to the venerable father of Doctor Kane a letter stating their wishes. The following is the reply :

FREN ROCK, PHILLDELPHIA, Jan. 29, 1808. My DEAR SIR: Your letter has interested and gratified me ex-

The figure-head of the Advance is somewhat unsightly as a piece of decorative furniture. It bears the marks of rude encounter with the ice-fields, and does not appear to have been a very good specimen of art at the first. It is a female bust, somewhat rudely painted. Still, I would be reluctant to have it broken up.

It is a memorial, not only of the undaunted philanthropy of your Masonic Brother, but of the gallant men who rescued it and who share his bonors.

Masonic product, was it is a share his honors.

If your Lodge could find a place for it, as it is, there is no custody to which I would more cheerfully confide it, and I would feel happy in securing for it such a resting place.

Be kind enough to advise me as to this, and believe me gratefully and truly yours.

E. K. KANE.

and truly yours, SIDNET KOPMAN, Esq., New York.

— The quiet of New Haven has been interrupted by a fight between the college students and a fire company. The foreman of the latter was dangerously wounded, and further trouble was anticipated.

 New Orleans papers notice a new cotton grown successfully in Texas from learning need.
 A thousand pounds, ungineed, yields five hundred pounds f ginned cotton. The lint is remarkable for tenacity and silkiness. Hon David Paul Brown has accepted the appointment of "Knight of int Vernon," for Pa., recently tendered him by the "Southern matrous."

Rev. Newton Heston lately preached a sermon to the firemen of Phila-delphia, on which occasion 1,779 members of the department were present.

Last Tuesday night Neal Dow lectured on temperance at the Academy of ic. He was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Tyng. - Gerard, the lion-killer, has contradicted the report of his death. He is in perfect health in London, engaged in organizing a club which is to hunt I on a grand scale each year in Algeria.

- General Sam Houston intends to make Arisona his future hor

Mr. Catherine Sinclair Forrest has purchased an estate in Scotland for 10,000, the savings of her theatrical career.

— Rev. Beverley Waugh, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Ghurch died in Baltimore last week, aged sixty-nine years.

The famous J. S. Kalloch has resigned his pastoral charge in Tremont Temple. He intends to go to Kansas, and there devote himself to the law.
 Mr. Prescott's friends are of opinion that he will have immediate relief from his late attack, but he himself considers that he has had his "first

- Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile, has collected \$1,000 for the Mount Vernon Asso

iation. Mrs. Fagg, of Tennessee, has also collected over \$2,000.

— A sister of Edward Everett is said to be a Sister of Charity, and about to

ecome Lady Superior of St. Joseph's Seminary, Petersburg, Va.

— Palmer, the sculptor, now residing at Aurora, Cayuga Co., is hard at work
a the "White Captive," a female-figure, intended as a companion to the

" Indian Girl."

— Joseph Sinclair, alias "Black Joe," a noted pickpocket, was arrested ely as a fugitive from justice. He was sent to Philadelphia, where he is nted to answer a charge of grand larceny.

— Lola Montex has sworn before a referee that she was born in "the beau-tiful town of Limerick." Several biographical dictionaries, however, after that she was born at Montrose, Socialand, and according the some authorities, she drew her first breath in this city. How many places will claim her when

dead is a question.

— Henry Winter Davis expresses himself at length in regard to the witherawal of the invitation to him to lecture before the Univitative of Virginia. He is "pained to see politics brought into the republic of leitessay"and any that "such fever in youth portends madness in manhood." The action of the students occasions him "no mortification, but great sorrow."

— The Third Annual Report of the Bond street Homeopathic Dispensary has reached us. It has been highly successful, and its results very gratifying. Ouring the past year, 1,808 patients have been received, which is nearly double to make a received the ways previous and perpit 4000 more prescriptions.

During the past year, 1,80e patients have been received, which is searly shown the number received the year previous, and nearly 4,000 nore prescriptions were dispensed this year than last. It is a good and charitable work, and Dr. Otto Fulgraff, by whose indefatlgable exertions this Dispensary was established and has been preserved, deserves the highest commendation and the thanks of , by whose indefatigable exertions this preserved, deserves the highest comm Otto Fulgraff, by wi

the community.

— The work on the Niagara progresses rapidly. Her officers will be the same who went in her on the previous voyage, with two or three exceptions.

- The wife of Commodore Perry, U. S. N., died on the 11th inst. at Newport.

— The St. Louis has been absent twenty-seven months on the African station.

She brings home the crew of the whaleship Pocahontas, wreaked October Sist on the lale of Brava, with a number of other distressed American seamen.

Bishop Petter has had a severe attack of apoplexy. He is now better, but his situation is still extremely critical.
 The store-ship Relief is to be got ready for sea to carry previsions to the

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

ALL minor gossip this week is swallowed up in one absorbing topic of interest—the marriage of the royal daughter of England. A wedding is always an interesting affair, whether it is Biddy in the kitchen, who stands up in orange-colored calies before Father Murphy, to be united to Fatrick who has for the moment laid as de his bod and mortar, or Miss Matilda Louisa, who pronounces the marriage vows from out a cloud of white lace, crinoline and pearls, in the aristocratic aisle of Grace Church, surrounded by the éiste of our best society. Indeed, we wouldn't give a fig for the woman who doesn't go into a perfect fever of curlosity and excitement whenever the mariage service is obscurely hinted at. The men themselves, stolid and insersible bears that they are, manifest a sort of sleepy interest in all each doings, though whether it is that they are secretly delighted that other victims among the female race have sworn to "love, honor and obey," thereby binding themselves to saw on buttons, mend ancient coats, and be grumbled at, till deats do them part, or rejoice from more philanthropic motives, we really can't venture to say.

part, or rejoice from more philanthropic motives, we really can't venture to say.

But this wedding—this "love-match" between the pretty first-hora of England and the noble Prussian youth possesses a charm and interest for every one. Who is there that doesn't feel curious so know what little Victoria, jun., were, and now she looked, and how her young husband appeared, and all such accessory items that pertain to weddings all she world over? This is a proper and laudable spirit of inquiry, and must of course be gratified.

Boys before the Bridal. The the interior of the royal residence all has been excitement for many months past. The will and judgment of the Queen were kept in constant requisition, for the Princess scarcely expressed a wish as to the arrangement of her regally splendid frousseau, seemingly content that all should be left to the acknowledged tasts of her mother. Strange to say, the brids elect seemed to be the only quiet and uncoupled individual in the whole royal establishment. Not caring for a voice in the things which most concerned herself, she mused at tadight windows and wendered from room to room, tull of thoughts of that coming change which was "casting its shadows before," while an added tenderiese in her manners towards the home-circle characterized her actions.

As we are writing for the ladice, it is but fair to go into details, As we are writing for the ladies, it is but fair to go into details, and it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to know what is considered a propor outif for the daughter of Victoria. Her provision consists of twelve dozon of everything that pertains to the under elathing and fine lime department. The exquisite material of every article is rendered still more valuable by coally laces, sinborate embroidery and fine work. Her robes de chambre are also twelve dozon in number, and, are said to be worth in themselves \$2,304. It would be vann to particularize the magnificent volvets, savins, brocade and sitks which are included in this trousseau, as they can better be imagined than described.

Appearance of the Chapel Royal,

The galleries of this apartmens were filled, on Monday, the 25th of January, with the proudest members of England's aristocracy. The wails were festooned with crimens allevoiret, with heavy fringes of gold, and the alar rails were aimiently drawd, and the gastes occupied as a secorated in the same style. The addies were associated in full dress, and the gastlemes were uniforms and orders. The magnificent appearance of the chapel itself, as well as the brilliant effect of waving plumes, fashing diamends and

rinbow costumes, gave the apartment a food ensemble of almost made spleador.

The Mother-in-Law and Mother.

The Princes of Prussia was robed in white sain; her entrance was followed by flat of Queen Victoria's attendant procession, amid a burst of triamphant music. Princess Mary of Cambridge was iressed in a double skirt of blue crèpe over glace silk, wi h blush reses and ruches of Carepe. The Duchess of Cambridge was illustrated in the control bear and a tiers of pearla; while the venerable Duchess of Kent, grandmother to the bride, was attired in white planes. Then appeared Land Palmerston, bearing the magnificent word of State, and after him walked Victoria, the royal mother, with her usual stately port. Her dress was of peach-colored mother, with her usual stately port. Her dress was of peach-colored mother, with the observed with Horiton lace, and a peach-servet train. The founces were the same which the Queen word at her, own wedding. Her day as circled by a rown of priceless jewels, and the celested Koh-i-noor glittered in her, hosom, as a brooch. Her Mijesty, smiling and bowing her these of the enthusiastic reception tendered her, passed to her chair of state, where he seated herself among her five youngest children. From this moment all is the chapel remained standing, even to the Princess of Prussia terterell. Lord Palmerston, stood at her Majesty's right; while the Duchess of Sutherland, as Mistress of the Robes, occupied the post of honor at her left.

The Reddegrooms.

Prince Frederick William, who next entered, secompanied by his father and brother, attracted all eyes by the elegance of his manner and the beauty of his open, frank. English face. The becoming uniform of a Perusian general, and the unignia of the black eagle, set of his tall and stately figure to great advantage.

But the instant that the stir and mirmur at the door announced the coming of the Princess, all eyes were turned eagerly in that direction, and in another second a lovely girl, with pale cheeks and downess eyes, glided in upon the arm of Prince Albert of England. The bridal costume was of glearing white moire antique, covered with Honiton lates; while the veil, thrown back from the face, was of Honiton suppore, worked in the rose, shamrock and thistle paterns, and fastened to the head with jewelled Moorish pins. This rell was her Majesty's idea and suggestion, and its cost was \$3,000. Wreaths of orange and myrtle adorned this exquisite dress, and a large bouquet at the slender waist completed the decorations. Her rich train of moiré antique, trimmed with Honiton and covered with sange bloesoms, was full three yards long, and was borne by her her lovely attendants.

The Bridesmalds.

These maidens, eight in number, were all personal friends of the The Royal Bride.

The Bridesmalds.

These maidens, eight in number, were all personal friends of the bide, and were selected from the very flower of the English srisucracy. They were the Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Lady Cecilia Gordon Lennox, Lady Katharine Hamitton, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Constance Villiers, Lady Victoria Noel and Lady Cecilia Molyneaux. Their dress was according to a design furnished by the Princess Royal herself—white glace skirts, evered by six deep flounces of tulle, looped up on the side by clusters of heather and onion roses.

ters of heather and onion roses.

The Royal Children.

The four brothers of the bride were in Highland costume. The Frincess Alice were white lace over pink satin, with blue conflowers and dalaies in her hair. Her dress was looped up with the same blossoms. The Princesses Helena and Louisa were attired in the History of the Wedding Rings.

These magnificent rings were of Siberian gold, and were manufactured in Breslau. They were forwarded to the royal bridegroom, mounted on a skin of parchment, on which was engrossed a short history of the gold works of Siberia, by which we learn that in olden times Siberia was a California on a small scale.

The Prayer Books.

The Prayer Books.

Every accessory to the marriage of Victoria's eldest child to the ber apparent of the Prussian throne, bore a holiday guise—everything was so arranged as to produce an impression of splendor and enchantment never before realized. To have been at the Princess Royal's wedding was like receiving some new order of beauty. Even the good old Book of Common Prayer was introduced in a glorious bridal dress. That of the Princess-bride was bound in pure white velvet, and that of Prince Frederic William in pale dear blue. Each bore the royal arms on a gorgeous tablet in its centre, and was surrounded with a wreath of silver orange blossess.

The Marriage.

The marriage service was conducted by the Archbishop of Cantribury, assisted by the first clergy in England. The voice of the Prince, whenever he spoke, was clear, earnest and distinct; that of the Princess Royal was soft, low and tremulous. Once or twice during the ceremony, she seemed so pale and faltering that apprehensions were entertained lest she should faint away, from excessive acitation.

lensions were entertained lest she should faint away, from excessive agitation.

A Heautiful Incident of Domestic Affection.

Hardly had the solemn chant which succeeded the marriage ervice cied away, than the young bride of a moment threw herself with sudden emotion upon her mother's bosom, sobbing, and clasping her arms round the gentle protector she was now about to leave fever; while the straining embrace and tender kisses of the liege lay of England betrayed the emotions she felt at parting with her diest born. It was a beautiful scene—the Queen in her gorgeous obes of royalty, with diamonds blazing in her hair, and glittering iccorations on her breast, forgetting the sovereign's state in the mother's love, and holding to her heart the timid girl, who, in glimmering pearls and snowy folds of sick and lace, seemed like some numbing nestling dove of lily-white plumage.

The affectionate recognitions which then took place between the visious members of the two royal corleges were pleasing and singer, and the procession soon after left the church.

Victoria Adelaide, Princess Hoyal, who had entered the sacred editice, had been pale and trembling, with downcast eyes and timid step; but Princess Victoria of Prussia, who came out, leaning on lar young husband's arm, was another creature. The soft crimson a her check, the radant light in her eyes, and the look of perfect live and confidence which beamed in her whole countenance as she murned the proced and affectionate glance of Prince Frederic William, was a sufficient ladex to her unclouded happiness.

The Medding Cake.

william, was a sufficient index to her unclouded happiness.

This indispensable concomitant of the royal feativities was gotten
in a style of splendor which probably the world never saw before,
it was between six and seven feet high, and seemed like a sump bountain of columns, medallions and desorations, from which
feamed forth the soft lustre of festoons of pearls, silver orange
blossoms and wreaths of jasmine flowers. It was brought to Buckligham Palace in pieces, and put together there.

Spham Palace in pieces, and put together there.

Departure for Windsor Castle.

At about five o'clock the newly married couple took leave of the widding guests, and left for Windsor Castle. The travelling dress of the Princess was the perfection of taste—plain yet spiendid. It ms composed of dress, mantle and bonnet, all of the purest white, and of a silken fabrio, falling into magnificent folds of its own costly reight. The mastle was trimmed with a border, not of fur, but of sowy feathers, whose changing colors danced and glittered with faquisite brilliance. The beauty of this bridal decoration thus wought to the Princess by the birds of the sir, baffles the power of words to picture. The wedding chapeus was of white tulle, trimmed with lace and bunches of orange blossoms outside, with lace quilting saide, and white slik ribbons. At the terminus the royal carriage was drawn through the town to its destination by the Eton boys, who thus expressed their devotion to the child of their Queen.

The Wedding Presents.

We have neither time wording Presents.

We have neither time we space to particularize the magnificent resents which were given and received on this memorable occasion, at the bridal gift from Frederic William to the Princess Royal desires mention for its great beauty and incalculable value. It was a betilace consisting of thirty-two oriental pearls of immense size, and we have made have not portry. Those towards the centre are said to be the set of hazel-nuts.

This royal wedding has been throughout more like a 2-1.

rainbow costumes, gave the apartment a tout ensemble of almost maic splendor.

The Mother-in-Law and Mother.

Awhile from the world of politics, war and discord, to behold the beautiful ecremonies of the union of two young and loving hearts.

May the sweet daughter of England be happy in her foreign home.

New York Styles-The Balmoral Skirts.

New York Styles—The Balmoral Shirts.

There's no use trying—the New York ladies won't wear the famous "red petitionats." even though Queen Victoria herself set them the example, and Eugenie followed suit. This is a fashion that never will obtain on Fifth ayenue and Broadway, however desperate are the efforts being made to inaugurate it. We are content to look at the black and red stripes in the store-windows, and to admire the royal leaders of ton from a distance, but we still adhere to the graceful and sensible fashion of our own extensive crinolines. Let the Balmoral skirts retire—see won't wear them!

Lola Montex.

We certainly admire Lola, not only for her beauty and her eccentricities, but more e-necially for her sublime impudence and magnificent success where all others would fail. Her lectures have been perfect triumphs, and the crowds who go to hear fier speak are composed of the best people of our city, of just such material as a lecturer would most desire. What she says don't amount to much when she is quoting from books, most any of our litterateurs could do better; but Lola's personal reminiscences are piquant to the last degree, and cannot fail to please the most phleguatic and indifferent. In her lecture on Gallantry, when she said the pretty things gentlemen said to ladies were "all lies," she spoke with a fire in her eye and with an emphasis of hand, which to witness was worth sitting out an evening just to hear. Lola, in that assertion and in that manner, gave her audience many volumes of her own experience. Alse! that she should have found all these expressions of interest and admiration for the opposite sex, lies. It is the fate, however, of most "remarkable women."

The accord "Artista" Reception.

Artists' Reception.

Artists' Reception.

The second "Artists' Reception' at Dodsworth's Rooms was celebrated on Friday evening. the 12th instant. Probably there was never a more brilliant assemblage of handsome ladies and distinguished men congregated together in this city for intellectual entertainment. The room by ten o'clock was uncomfortably crowded. Among the vi-itors we noticed Mr. Bancroft, Mi. Morse, and other gentlemen of well-known fame, together with most of the eminent artists resident among us. It is certainly a high compliment to art, that such an assemblage can be forought together, when no other attraction is presented than the interchange of thought; yet we believe the participants were more highly gratified than if they had wasted their strength in dancing, or destroyed their health in consuming an indigestible supper.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Festival of Flowers-Terrible Denouement-Rosati, the

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Festival of Flowers—Terrible Denouement—Rosail, the Actronal Ac

True Love in High Life.

The greatest marriage which, in point of fortune, can take place in Europe about to be contracted at Paris. A Princess Troubstake is about to marry cousin, and each of the parties is entitled to a fortune of a bundred thous pounds per annum. The bridgeroom—a young officer wounded in the trim being left for dead upon the field—has come to Paris for medical advice. He fast recovering from an almost hopeless condition, with the loss, however, the left eye and the amputation of the left arm just above the elbow. I mutil, tion has in no wise affected the sentiments of the fair intended, who sisted upon accompanying her faces to Paris, in order to comfort and attain during his convalencemen.

asted upon accompanying her jdace to Farts, in order to comfort and attend him during his convalescence.

A Singer of "Noble Birth" Unmasked.

The rage for noble birth amongst artists, copied from Ficeclomini and others, has given rise to a funny advenure which took place as Madame de Beaumont's concert the other night. A well-known French tenor and his wife were engaged to sing at this concert, and the star of the evening was announced to be a Madame d'O—, whose appearance in Paris had been preceded with the greatest wystery. The lady was proclaimed of a noble Italian family of great wealth, who had chosen the stage, not from necessity, but vocation, and whose pursuit of art had offended, in the highest degree, the princely family to which she belonged. Expectation was on tipice; the noble singer appears—is led to be plane-forts, where the tenor and his wife are already posted, and a trick stream of emagement astonishes the audience. The lady of the princely Italian family of c—— is recognized at once as a stater by her infuriated brother, whose house he had left three years ago for Italy, and to whom she had given no tokens of existence since that time.

Loul. Napole-on goes a Skating.

had given no tokens of existence since that time.

Louis Napoleon goes a Skating.

The severe frost we had here a few days ago from thickly the labes in the Bois de Boulogne, and afforded the good people of Paris, the—for them—rare pleasure o skating. In this set, though it is and very difficult to acquire, they do not shine at all—in the parks o. Loudon we have far better displays of it. The Emgeror went out skating amongst his subjects, and, like them, had many and many a tumble. Some rigid persons were scandalized to see the Majesty of France every now and thou list low; but others thought it proved that is Majesty showed much lowhouses; and others held that, dignified or undignified, it was good fun. Mosaic Items.

There is much talk in the artistic circles regarding a new gentus in the art of realipture baving arisen from amongst the French & Mear, to claim a place amongst the artists of Paris. The young Vicomite 69 Varieal has just completed a group, which M. de Nieukerque has aconquected to be the finest thing ever produced by a youthful hand. The Vicomite is allied to English nobility through the Comto de Bonneval, who married a daughter of the late Lady Harriet Galway.

The late Mademoiselle Rachel appears to have been a great believer in the vitue of taismans, find an immence quantity of these deceptive articles have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been found amongst her jewels. Several of these have been found a mongst her jewels. Several of these have been found as the Hebrew word—the great artist fully believed had power to turn aside the influence of evil opinits, and which she always wose on first representation, she has left to ber sister Sarah, with a request that it may be worn on all great occasions through life.

A young officer belonging to Eigin, and a son of Mr. Charlee Dickins, both of whom recountly arrived in Indea, finding there was little chance of getting employment with a native regiment, have, with true English places, donned the lift, sell joined the Forty-second Royal Highlanders.

The death of General Baron Fouchere has caused the story to be revived of the scandal of Sephia Dawes and the Buke de Bourbea, for the edification of

these who were not acquainted with this phase of Paris life. She was the wife of the General, and inherited a large sum rom the royal duke, which she left, on her death, to her husband. He, however, refused to accept it. The musical world of Paris has welcomed with enthusiam into its ranks the young Prince Kara'ja, wh., after two years' study of harmony and composition, has returned to Constantinople, where his family resides, armed with the score of an opera of his own composing. The subject of the libratio is the "Bride of Abydon," and report speaks highly of the talent displayed in the composition, particularly the chorusses, in which the young Prince has been eminently successful. The work is to be produced at Odessa in the menth of April next.

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE.

THE PLANT HUNTERS; OR ADVENTURES ASSESS THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS. By CAPTAIN MAYNE that. Boates: issues a Fields.

This is a book designed to combine semassment and instruction; to convey information about the plants which desirable in last the animals which inhabit the mountainous regions of the Himalays, which the imagination is excited by daring and perilous adventures gross through while, semastic for the one and encountering the other. The veloue consists a large amount of welful and interesting information, is beautifully flustesied, and is alteredistic amount facinities were. We consequently flustesied, and is alteredistic and interesting information, is beautifully flustesied, and is alteredistic another and the consequently flustesied. However, the consequently flustesied, and is alteredistic a distribution of the flustesies. However, the consequently flustesies are strong and another as an and has made he mark in the iterature of his age by a marked and felicitum power of description, by the broad sympathy and geal-ally philosophic tone of the first. His designations of observative are strong and accurate; his stories have a real life interest, he gain best he o among places of existence with beautiful but simple slightfrom upon art, and endeavors to elevate our nature by dwelling more upon those qualities which enmoble, than upon those measure attributes which has won for Thackeray so unenviable a reputation. The volume before us, "Hide and Seek," fully sustains Mr. Wilk et Collina' reputation, it exhibits him in his pleasantest manner, and will afford a few hours, and declarited and prolitable reading. Measure, blick at Fitzgerald have brought it out in cheep form. It should meet with a large saile.

APPLETON'S RAHLWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for the month of February is published. It is corrected up to the date of publication, and may be relied upon in all its statements. This Guide is issued semi-monthly under the rupervision of the railway comp.nies, by D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET .- We understand that Mr. Uliman's operatic company, a ter a mo t successful caucaign in Philadelphia, returns to the Academy, and commences the spring season on Washington's birthday, February 221. The company will be warmly welcomed back. A good thing is rately appreciated until it is missed; once abaset its return is looked for with eagerness. So the Uliman operatic spring season will be a fixed free part with the season will be a fixed to the s

looked for with eagerness. So the Ullman operatic spring season will be a fixed fact next week.

The Mareisek operatic company ought to be in New York about the same time. Where will the performances of this company be given? A few months since it was positively stated that the Academy of afusic was to be opened by Mareisek and Marchall, who were to hold possess-ion until the following September. The fact was most likely as stated, but as operatic managers break contracts with as much facility and nonchalance as an old toper breaks a pipe stem, the chances are that the whole matter is off, and has been off and on a dozen times since the first rumor. When an operatic manager or an impressive of the property of the state of t

unper.

Madame Frezzolini's benefit comes off next Wednesday, and promises to
Madame Frezzolini's benefit comes off next Madame Gagzaniga's. Each "Madame Frezzolin's beneft comes off next Wednesday, and promises to be almost as enthusi-site a demonstration as Madame Garzanga"s. Each prima donns is defended by a tri-weekly sheet dealt.ted to the seclusive task of praising the one and criticising the other. As the articles are spicy, and accompanied with 500 daricatures, these papers sell well, and the excircing is kept up. The consequence is that these rival parties loss sight of the interit of the different operas, in their eage ness to appliand or censure one or the other of the two "donns." In the meantime, Max Maretack laughs in his sleeve at this folly, and fills his pockets."

LAURA KBENE'S THEATRE.-The admirable drams of "White LAURA KERNS'S THRATHR.—The admirable drams of "White Lies," which made so deserved a hit on its first representation, has been played for two weeks with still increasing success. It has made its mark, and will be a standard piece for many seasons to come. On Saturday last Mr. Jefferson took his first benefit in America, when a most attractive bill was presented, and that most excellent actor received a convincing proof of the high estimation in which the public hold his rare comic taleats. Mr. Jefferson is a most deserving artist, and possesses the true sense of humor which must be innate, and cannot be acquired by study.

De innate, and cannot be acquired by study.

Ninio's Ganden—Dan Rice finished his brill'ant and profitable engagement at Nitho's Garden on Saturday evening last. His circus and wild beast show has been a perfect triumph, and his closing day and evening was a positive gals time. But one opinion has been expressed in regard to the performances under the direction of Mr. Rice, and that was entirely favorable. Notificing more chaste and admirable in the way of an equalitrian performance has been expressed and studies. Rice will be very welcome in New York whenever he shall visit us.

vast us.

Bankun's American Vusuus —The great patriotic American piece, "The Pioneer Patriot," still continues to attract ero-eded and brilliant audiences, and to elicit from them the most subtactsatic admiration and appliance. It has now been running for several weaks, and is ging by the crowed that throug its portain, and the tumultuous cathusia on they exhibit, it will hold on its success all career for many weeks jouges. We commend it to all who revenues our great struggle and irruinph, and respect the memories of the illustrious dead. The Maseum contains counties beautiful and co.i.y rariises

worst seeing.

Woop's RULLINGS —The "Tondles" and the "Caudle Lecture." are still is
the accentant, disaving overflowing houses, and convolving a seeing with
hearty and irrepressible larights. "George Caraty a of George Hollant act to
the life, ead with inimitable humor. No one should deep them either the
pleasure of withersing this performance, and listen ag to the best execute
minstraley in the work. Go one, grail, for it is ever too late to enjoy a goo

FOREION MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

The cordons at the funeral of Rachel were held by Alexandre Dumas père; M. le Baron Taylor; M. Auguste Maquet, président de la sociéte des auteurs d'aramtiques; and M. Geoffrey, sec idente de la Comédie-Français.

M. Berlioz, the composer, has received from the Emperor of Antru a brilliant riog, as a marie of autifaction for his recent ly published Th Dum.

A new opera is to be brought out at Paris. It has created a furers at hicras, and is called "Marie Garcia Malibran," the two great characters are Malibran and Lathrubs.

and Lattichie.

The balls at the Porte St. Martin are even wilder and more frantic orgies than these of the opera were in former times; happliy, we believe, they are limited to a certain number.

At the each of the month, the Theätre Franç is brings out a new piece, "Ly Retour de Mart," by M. Mario Aon. r.l, author of the "Fism nime." and hazhard of Madeline Broban. It is reported that the site of the Paris o era is to be transported to that of the Hots! 30 months.

It is reported that the site of the Paris o, era is to no transported to the Hôtel o'O mond.

Verdi is shortly to proceed to Naples, where he proposes to bring out a new

In a Western debating society the next question for discussion will be the following: "If a feller bairs nothing when he gets starried, and the girl insint setting, is been though kinese, as bissues hows ?"



HIGHLAND FLING.

FIRST ANNUAL BALL OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

CALEDONIAN CLUB.

The first annual ball of the Caledonian Club, of this city, took place at the Apollo Saloon on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. A large number of guests were invited, and the members of the Club being numerous, the Saloon had a brilliant appearance, and was only sufficiently crowded to be socially pleasant. Most of the members wore the tartan costume, and a large variety of clans were represented. There must have been at least seventy full Scottish costumes, and as many of the ladies were decorated with plaid scarfs and other national symbols, the appearance of the room during the dancing and promensing were decorated with plaid scarfs and other national symbols, the appearance of the room during the dancing and promenading was both brilliant and animated. The dancing was indeed something to look at. One could hardly imagine that the thews and sinews of the lithe and active dancers had ever been stiffened by the routine of the counting-house or the confinement of the store. Such was the activity and vigor displayed, that the spirit of the mountain revelry seemed to animate the whole company, so that a more thorough scene of enjoyment we have rarely beheld. The sword-dance by Chieftain Alexander Fraser was a fine exhibition of grace, agility and endurance, and the Highland fling by the charming Miss Mary Miller excited the admiration and approbation of all present. The supper was well served, of excellent quality and bountiful quantity. Robertson's band played lively and capital music, and the pipers, Mesers. William Cleland and Peter Bowman, distinguished themselves greatly.

The object in view in forming the New York Caledonian Club may be gathered from the following, which is the preamble to their constitution:

Being well assured that man requires a time for recreation and

to their constitution:

Being well assured that man requires a time for recreation and amusement, and a cessation from the pursuit of gain and the wearying drudgery of every-day life; and believing that the athletic games, as practised in 'Auld Scotia,' are well adapted to afford rational amusement, and at the same time develop the physical powers of the body, and elevate the mind: Therefore, we, the undersigned, agree, in order more fully to carry out those ideas, to be governed by the following rules and regulations, &c., &c.

The Club at present consists of some eighty members, and is really in a flourishing condition. The officers for the present year are as follows: Chief, William Manson; First Chieftain, Alexander Fraser; Second Chieftain, Alexander Cross, and John Sutherland, Third Chieftain.

The objects of the Club are well worthy to be carried out.

The objects of the Club are well worthy to be carried out. Every movement that tends to the development of manliness of character should be warmly encouraged by all who wield an influence in society. We shall long bear in pleasant remembrance the delightful social gathering at the Caledonian Ball, at the Apollo Saloon, on the 10th of February.

LIGHT GUARD BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MUSIC.

The great calico ball, and the Light Guard of Thursday night, the 11th inst., are to be remembered as the most brilliant affairs of the kind that ever came off in this city, and consequently in the Union. The decorations and embellishments of the house were got up in a style characteristic of the occasion. A gigantic military tent extended over the whole stage, and on all sides were displayed the national colors and the flags of the regiment. In the centre of this tent, and about twenty feet above the stage, a number of jets of gas were so arranged as to present the following words—

"Light Guard, 1827."

Above this was a representation of a hand holding a battle axe—the armorial bearing, it is to be presumed, of the company. The other parts of the house were also decorated with much taste, and on every side was some emblem or device to remind the spectator that it was a military and not a civic ball. But, however, these were entirely unnecessary to explain its character, so long as the varied and brilliant uniforms of the officers and members of the Fifty-fifth and other regiments were so conspicuous among the company, for at least one-fourth of the gentlemen who were there belonged to the militia. The whole number present, including, of course, the ladies, was about four thousand, and of these one-half, or perhaps somewhat more, occupied seats in the boxes. The stage itself was rather too much crowded, but the dancers seemed satisfied, and when they were content no one has a right to complain. Among the invited guests were Brigadier-Generals Spicer and Yates and their staffs, General Hatfield, of New Jersey, and his staff, Colonel Duryea, Colonel Vosburgh, and officers from every regiment of the New York militia in the city, and from some outside of the city. The dancing commenced at nine, but we are unable to say precisely at what time it ended, as we left the company in the midst of their enjoyments. The programme contained no less than twenty-six pieces, and concluded with the "Light Guard Company

the crowd by which they are attended is the best proof of their popularity. But their balls have another purpose besides that of mere festivity and amusement, and for this simple reason they are—as they ought to be—well supported. The proceeds, we understand, are intended to form a fund which is to be applied to the purchase of lots in Greenwood Cemetery for the deceased members of the company, and for the erection of a suitable monument over their remains. About eighteen hundred dollars have already been raised in this way, and it is expected that this amount will be largely increased by the receipts of the ball that has just come off so entirely to the satisfaction of the Light Guard and the entire public. and the entire public.

CURIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENON.

Our engraving is an accurate representation of a remarkable phenomenon of Nature, that occurred at Burlington, Vermont, on the night of the 25th of January last, and of which a correspondent has favored us with a description and sketch.

spondent has favored us with a description and sketch.

A quart tin dipper, nearly full of water, was accidentally left standing over night, the thermometer being at zero, and in the morning it was found as shown in our picture. The water was fozen solidly, while from the centre a stem of ice projected upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was about eight inches in length, perfectly straight, cylindrical, and uniform in its diameter, having much the appearance of a clay pipe stem, and seemed to be tubular one-third of its length.

It was kept as a curiosity, as long as the weather would permit.

At was kept as a curiosity, as long as the weather would permit, and was the cause of much conjecture in the minds of all who

We think there are few instances on record of water "run ning up stream" of its own free will and pleasure, and the fact that this time Jack Frost caught it in the act, and held it up, adds to the novelty and interest of this curious occurrence.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF NAPOLEON III.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF NAPOLEON III.

On the night of Thursday, the 14th of January, nearly all that Paris can boast of in rank, in beauty, in fashion, in intellect, was gathered together in the magnificent theatre of the Grand Opera. The brilliant assemblage had been convened to witness a grand artistic solemnity. The baritone Massol, who for thirty years had been a faithful and valued servant to the French Academy of Music, was to bid farewell to the lyric stage; and a complimentary benefit had been organized to gild the horizon of the retiring luminary. It was a field-day—or rather field-night—in the splendid salie of the Rue Lepelletier. The most distinguished members of the musical profession had rallied cheerfully round their old comrade; the deities of the dance—Rosat, Ferraris, Richard—were not backward in affording choregraphic concurrence; and as a culmination to the attractions of the evening, the great tragic actress—the only tragic actress Europe possesses, alas! now that Rachel is gone—Adelaide Ristori, was announced to make her appearance in one of the most striking of her impersonations—"Maria Stuarda." The house was crammed; fauteuils du balcon and orchestra stalls had been at a premium for days. There were marshals and senstors, financiers and feuilletonists; itons from the Jockey Club and stock-jobbers from the Bourse; duchesses from the Faubourg St. Germain, and lorettes from the thirteenth arrondissement. The Spanish Ambassador was there; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was there, in the imperial box, which was to be, at a later period in the evening—so it had been known all over Paris for some hours—graced by the presence of the ruler of France and his beautiful Empress. In fact, with but one slight alteration, we may quote the words of Byron:

"There was a sound of revelry by night, And Gallia's capital had gathered then."

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Gallia's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happlit, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all wont merry as a marriage bell—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising keell.

"Did ye not hear it? No—'t was but the wind,
Or the ear ratiling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn!
But hark, that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before—
It is, it is—..."

It was the successive explosion of the three infernal hand-grenades launched at the carriage of the Emperor Napoleon.

When the first detonation was heard there was a general impression among the audience that the noise was due to an ex-plosion of gas, and a very painful impression was created; the more so, as the recent dreadful accident at the Church of St. Subject through the bursting of a calcuffer, or het water pite. more so, as the recent dreadful accident at the Church of St. Sulpice, through the bursting of a calorifere, or hot-water pipe, must have been fresh in the memories of many present. But the sound was heard again and again, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," as the opening roar of the cannon of Quatre Bras was heard above the din of the dancers at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels. Then women's cheeks began to blanch, and men's eyes to flash. Anxious whispers and subdued murmurs betrayed an awful suspicion that the explosions were the heralds at reichnone and myster; and all at once the voice of a Committee of the source and myster; and all at once the voice of a Committee of the source and myster; and all at once the voice of a Committee of the source of the source of a Committee of the source of the source of a Committee of the source of the or violence and murder; and all at once the voice of a Commissary of Police rang out sharply and lugubriously through the building—rang out like a knell of doom these words—"On demande des médecins: à l'instant!" All the medical men who were in the house immediately quitted their seats in obedience to the summons; and then the terrified audience knew that blood



CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.-EXTRAORDINARY FORMATION OF ICE



SCOTCH SWORD-DANCE.

must have been shed, and that life must be in danger. On the stage they were in the midst of the finale to the third act of "Guillaume Tell"—the great scene of the conspiracy, in which Arnold von Melchthal swears to avenge his country.

Another moment of agonising suspense, and the whole truth, as by lightning, flashed upon the vast assembly. The simultaneity of the knowledge of the event seemed really miraculous; for, of the many hundreds there, from the princess in the dress-circle to the shopboy in the highest amphitheatre, every living soul seemed to be aware of the dread peril which had just been undergone, when, among cheers and shouts, and sobs and waving of handkerchiefs, and a joyful enthusiasm which actually beggars description, the whole house rose at the Emperor.

Napoleon, the Empress and the suite entered the imperial box

tion, the whole house rose at the Emperor.

Napoleon, the Empress and the suite entered the imperial box and showed themselves to the people. He, the same caim, impassible, immarmorified problem of a man, who landed at Boulogne with a tame eagle, who lived in the second floor in King street, St. James is, who rode down the boulevard twenty yards in advance of his staff the day after the coup d'état—rode calmly and quietly down while the gutters yet ran red, and the ground was still encumbered with corpses, and whom we saw only four days since gravely gliding among the crowd of skaters on the froz. n surface of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. He looked neither better nor worse, neither paler nor ruddier, than of yore; the moustache had the same twist; the eye the same fathoming side glance; the frame the same courtly inclination in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the militude. Not a flush, not a quivering muscle, not a movement of the hand, not a sparkle in the eye. Surely Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the only man in the world who could bear being blown up with gunpowder without changing countenance.

hance.

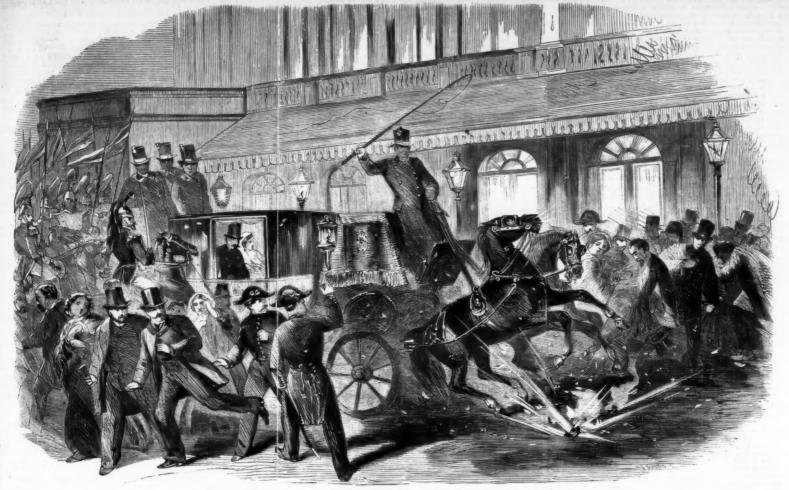
As for the Empress, poor soul! eye-witnesses concur in stating that she was as pale as death, and looked—as well she might do, pretty creature!—dreadfully scared, trembling from head to foot. Her white robes were stained with blood; her own fair face itself was grazed by a splinter fractured from the glass of the carriage window; and it was only by a special mercy that Eugenie de Montijo was permitted to hear once more the gratulatory acclamations of the people who love her so well. Her presence there that night might have converted the savagest demagogue to Bonapartistism. That she, the kind, good, charitable little Empress, whose voice is never raised save to plead for the unfortunate—whose heart is onen as the day to melting charity—that Empress, whose voice is never raised save to plead for the unfortunate—whose heart is open as the day to melting charity—that she, "fishioned so tenderly, young and so fair," should have run the risk of dire mutilation and death at her husband's side, is in itself the severest condemnation of an act disgracefully wicked in whichever aspect it be viewed, but doubly diagraceful, doubly dastardly, when we consider that it was levelled not only against strong men, but against weak and unoffending women.

A most extraordinary scene indeed was the spectacle after the explosions in the imperial box, the interior of which presented the appearance more of a council of state than of a box at a theatre. Messengers were continually coming and going; lists of the wounded were brought in for the inspection of the Empresor and Empress; ambassadors crowded in to offer their felici-

peror and Empress; ambassadors crowded in to offer their felicitations; the Prefect of Police, M. Sietri, the Minister of State, M. Fould, flitted in and out in a mysterious and ghostly manner;

M. Fould, fitted in and out in a mysterious and ghostly manner; every lorgnette in the house was of course perpetually pointed at the narrow enclosure where sat he who rules over the destinies of France, and whose life had been so providentially preserved; yet all this while the werbling voices of the singers, the nimble feet of the ballet dancers, were busy on the stage. There never was perhaps a more inattentive audience, artistically speaking, than that of Thursday night; for there was a drama hefore the curtain, which in intense speaking, than that of Thursday night; for there was a drama before the curtain, which in intense interest surpassed five hundred fold the mimic rage of the footlights; yet in the midst of all this pre-occupation a resplendent tribute was offered to the genius of Madame Ristori, who in the great seens of "Maria Stuarda," and in her famous apostrophe to Queen Elizabeth, "Bastarola!" positively electrified the house, and called down a triple salve of well-merited plaudis. At a later period of the evening, a pas seul, danced by the Ferraris, once more recalled the audience by the Ferraria, once more recalled the audience by the Ferrara, once more recalled the audience from the contemplation of the terrible real before the proscenium to the graceful ideal beyond it, and it was a strange sight to see white kid gloves in the Emperor's box agitated in applause. A moment earlier or later in the explosion of the grenade, an inch nearer the murderous projectile, and where would those white kid-gloved hands have been? have been?

By the explosion, according to the best authority, six persons were killed and above a hundred wounded: "Seventeen civilians, twelve lancers of the Imperial Guard, eleven of the Muni-cipal Guard of Paris, twenty-eight police agents of different ranks, and four belonging to the household of their Majesties. Of the twelve men of the lancers, seven received serious wounds



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, IN FRONT OF THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS,

the five others are only slightly injured. Of the eleven of the municipal guard, one is mortally wounded, four seriously, and six slightly. Of the civilians several are wounded seriously. One of them died on reaching the Hespital de la Riboissière. The persons belonging to the Prefecture of Police are exceedingly numerous, and among them a commissary, and a divisional inspector, and fifteen police agents have received serious wounds. Twenty horses belonging to the lancers were struck. Two were killed on the spot, and five mortally wounded." The canopy over the entrance to the opera was torn, and when the ladies alighted off their carriages, they in many cases stepped into a pool of blood. To add to the confusion, the row of gas lights running down the front of the thestre was extinguished by the explosion, and the windows of the opera-house and the adjoining houses rattled into fragments. It would appear that four projectiles were thrown at the carriage, though only three exploded. The first did not touch the vehicle, but it wounded about twenty persons. Almost immediately a second bomb burst, and one of the horses fell to the ground. A third bomb, thrown with more precision, fell beneath the carriage itself and burst with tremendous force, smashing part of it in pieces. The splinters of this bomb wounded the second horse, which expired some hours after.

The Assassins.

The Assassins.

The Assassins.

Of the supposed assassins, four principals have probably been arrested, Orsini, Pierri, Gomez, and Da Silva, otherwise Rudio, all Italians; and of these latter we have very confused statements. Orsini is described as the same whose extraordinary escape from the prison at Mantua was recorded in the papers about a twelvemonth ago. He had taken a very active part in the Italian Revolution in 1848. During the Mazzini domination at Rome, Orsini was

about a twelvemonth ago. He had taken as in the Italian Revolution in 1848. During the Mazzini domination at Rome, Oraini was sent as Commissioner to Ancona, to inquire into the assassinations which were of frequent, and even daily, occurrence there. After the explosion of the projectiles he made his way to his lodgings in the Rue Monthabor, where he had been living for three weeks past, and it was owing to anxious inquiries by a man at an apothecary's shop (where Oraini had called), that he was asked, Who was his master? He remained silent, and fainted. This gave rise to suspicion; he was arrested, and disclosed his master's address. According to some accounts, this "servant" was Gomez. Oraini had long broken off, at least in appearance, with Mazzini He himself was very badly wounded by the explosion, and is said to have confessed that he threw one of the shells. When asked his name on being arrested, he is said to have answered, "What matter? Our name is legion!"

Pierri—an ex-colonel in the Roman Republican army—was arrested a few minutes before the attempt was made, as he stood by a door halfway down the Rue Lepelletier. He was recognised by Hebert, the Chief of the Police on duty, as a man who had been expelled four years ago from France. The arrest was fortunate, as, had he been at liberty to set, the danger, great as it was, would have been more so. A projectile, a poniard and a revolver were found on him.

When Pierri was taken to the guard-house, near the spot where he was arrested, the explosion had not yet taken place. In two minutes, however, it reached his ear; he cried out to the guard, "Do what you like with me; I am content—the blow is struck!" He appeared certain that it had taken effect, but was dismayed and disappointed when he heard of the failure of the attempt. Had it succeeded, Europe would have been convulsed.

OUR DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS.

It was either Julius Casar, Robinson Crusoe, Parson Corey, Barnum's mermaid, or some other fabulous deaf and dumb animal, who said, that he had read or written Bourcicault's "Paradise Lost" and the Phantom Club's "Jerusalem Delivered," while his wife was tying-her bonnet-strings, of course-for she wears elastic-

The mention of the Star Club reminds us that a pious whist playing parson of our acqueintance, not Beecher, suggests that the dramatic association in question ought to be called the Knave of Clubs, as it would then carry out Bourcicault's maxim of "suit-ing the action to the word."

But we must not run on the snags of Cæsar and his above-named

assistants; so, disengaging ourself, we ask our myriad readers if anything is pleasanter than those dressing-gown and slippery half-hours, when, with the day before us, in the morning, and the night hours, when, with the day before us, in the morning, and the night before us in the evening, we light our cigar, sip our coffee, read our papers, correct our proofs, stretch our legs, and finally, sit for a few minutes before the fire, ere we resolve upon action or rest, i.e., draw on or off our boots. We have often felt sure that we have lived years in a few minutes, and have roamed two hemispheres while we took the blower off, or savagely dug the poker into the blasing entrails of the grate. We have such glorious visions that we have resolved to give the world occasionally the benefit of our thought-flashes and reminiscences. It is impossible to reekon how much the world has lost by not taking the public into our confidence before. Great men should be more communicative; as Lord Ward said, they should think a little louder. Who has not often made an excellent speech to himself in the mirror as he shaved,

or just as he dropt asleep, uttered, at some long-passed-over dinnertable, one of those brilliant retorts which would have lit up posterity, like a flash of lightning or a thousand wax-candles?

How often in hearing or reading the bom mots of celebrated men we remember some not recorded which are frequently the best. At this minute, in reading some of the Duke of Wellington's in a monthly nagazine, two have crossed our mind, which we had from Pickersgill, the painter. Anything like a joke from the Iron Duke seems so utterly out of character, not to say impossible, that it becomes almost as incredible as a pair of bright leather boots on Greeley or an oath in a parson's mouth. Let us relieve our memory of two. When the duke was sitting to Pickersgill, the painter, the latter was quite charmed by the good humor and chattiness of a man who had the reputation of spitting bayonets, mouth grenades, and other implements of war, instead of using the eight parts of speech like the rest of the human race; he was, no doubt, charmed at seeing him talk to his servants without first running them through or blowing them from the muszle of the park guns. Was this the terrible warrior who fought battles for breakfasts and stormed a town to give him an appetite for supper? Poor Pickersgill had a vague idea that the duke, when he ropped the question to his wife, put a pistol to her heart at the same time, and paid his washer-woman in grape or canister. Judge his delight when he became convinced that the renowned man whose living features he was painting, actually did not sleep in his field-marshal boots and spurs, and that he really wore a nightcap instead of snoring in his cocked-hat and feathers; both which peculiarities many of the Homo-Journal admirers believe our friend, the general, indulged in. It is, however, matter of tradition and fact that he composed the song of "Woodman Spare that Tree," with a tomahawk threatening the pericaration of the same fact of the pair of the proper shall be a say that a saving a question? Th

and at 'em!'

"Sir," retorted the persecuted hero of a hundred fights, with a severe expression of countenance, "I beg you will understand that I am not in the habit of talking such damned nonsense to my soldiers; I always gave my orders in a very different manner. I am aware it has been reported that I uttred those words, but I have never met with a mon of sense who believed them. Go on with your painting, sir, and don't waste my time in asking ridiculous questions!"

The unfortunate victim made no further attempts upon the almost equally unfortunate



FELICE CRAINI, ARRESTED FOR THE ATTEMPTED ASSAMINATION.

PALA POW

BACE ma LOPP TUCK WOLL

DECH DODG GOUF GRAY SCHA the suc dra free WILL

MOOF O'CO: ture Cur SHAR WINA

CART DEREFREN I RAN GOW. KIGG LEAV PUTN RIKE ROUT

RUDI SEAR SHFI SHEP STAN

ACTO ALLE BROC CAHI boo CORR of GLAZ GRIF HUN JONE LAUT BCOR 8USE

DAVI of FURN MCMU PARE WALL

LESE.

BAIL DON! HIGG LEW! SLOA SMIT: TINS TOW!

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wictor, for, as the duke well observed in the English Congress, "The next misfortune to losing a battle is the gaining one"—
a remark worthy of Rochefoncauld, or even ourself. With that remarkable infatuati in which-affected the Irishmin, who boasted of a private conversation with King George the Third, but which turned out to be merely a request to get out of his way, or he'd drive over him, so our baffled painter was fond of relating his colloquies with the "'ero hoff Vaterlu," adding, invariably, "Pon my word, I never could understand what the duke meant by saying he was astonished, then, when he wasn't at Waterloo; nor yet in saying that 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' was damned nonsense."

We observe that the Tribuse, an excellent paper, published every morning, price two cents, has been severely funny upon the "Poor of New York," a very deserving band of four starved-out gardeners, whose names are represented very modestly by stars, symbolical that as they earn their living by stealing from the French, spite of our critical detectives, they deserves the attention of our stars, the police. Another suggests that they are named ster Byron's line in Childe Harold—

"Ye stars, which are the postry of Wallack's!"

Some editions, we are aware, have it "Heaven," but they are much the same, since we dare say we shall find the "Poor of New York" in both places. But to the Tribuse's comic fun:

"For forty-three nights were free dicevered in New York from the Heights."

in both places. But to the Tribune's comic fun:

"For forty-three nights were fires di-covered in New York from the Heights of Ero-M. In by invaluable tels access, and reached by enterpressing firemen from that sister city before the New York Fire Department had an inking that their professional services were required anywhere; for forty-three nights did the hardy Brooklypties tiske their evening, meals in their blooming back gardens in the middle of the winder; for forty-three nights did Mr. Blake die an early death, in the first secess; for the same length of time was Mr. Davenport hangering unto persisting nader the window of a hard-hearted droggist in Union quare, and for twoscierce evenings did that famished youth refracult usly receive timely aid and escape starvation; for seven weeks was the baked sweet potato business processited with eminent success in the streets of this metroped list, for seven weeks did the undaunted Mr. Loster dash up that impossible lidder into those frait-rate fismes, single binnel in the devouring element, and come out to be choled off by the quick-witted Mr. Johnston with a stream of Cotton delivered flown his tilitary throat through a length of hose and a two-lost might be the control of the single was that charcoal suicides attempted with such pope success. At the control of the contr

Cotton delivered fown his thirsty throat through a length of home and a two-facts normals. For forty-three slights was that charcoal sulcide attempted with such pope success."

One would really imagine, from the foregoing extract, there was not as much danger in doing the above forty-three times as there is in doing the real thing once. We can give our own experience as an amateur actor, and if there is danger as an sma'eur, what must there not be in a real actor? In once playing the Ghost, in "Hamlet," we fell into a coal-cellar, owing to the trap door not being gradually lowered—we broke our nose, our shins, and our watch-class, besides going into a swill tuit, which, providentially breaking our fall somewhat, assay our histrionic neek. This whipped the oftending Adam out of us for two years, when we were persuaded by a charming Diana Vernon to play in the private play on her birthday, the part of Galbrath, in "Rob Roy." We got along very well till we came to the scene in the Highland layer bier saloon, where the fool who enacted Bailie Nicol Jurvie actually made a real poker red hot, and gave us a dig near our coat tails which made a real burn in those regions. The hie there may be seen to this very day. Our final exploit in theatricals was at a house in which, dressed in a flowing white sheet, we were to tumble over two chairs, as the Cataract of the Ganges. What happened in our attempt **efforber to chronicle. After this let no crit c laugh at bir. Lester's dashing up "impossible ladders, throu, his-st-rate flames," and extinguishing a Vesuvius in his viscera by a Niagara poured by Johnson through a forty foot hose. But here is our friend Jones coming up the stairs—we know him by the creaking of his patent leathers.

P. S.—Jones has gone; he merely came to bring the Squash hollow Eagle, which contained some versees to his favorite widow. As he makes consider and widow rhyme, we forbear repub ishing them; besides they are copyrighted. Jones has the remarkable faculty of never being in the wrong. If you poin

" None of your buttered thunder."

"None of your buttered thunder."

As every poet, even Smith Brothers, has his admirers, we have heard this adjective, which had hitherto been almost the exclusive property of parsnips or toast, declared to be at last "the right adjective in the right place."

What sarcasm!" erled Brown; "slid ever poet before, in two words, so completely describe an attempt to int mida'e?"

"What originality!" ejaculates Smith. "Shakespeare has no single expression like it!"

"What sublimity!" solemnly pronounces Todgers: "it surpasses Milton!"

Milton!" Solemnly pronounces longers.

Milton!" Dear reader, this marvellous absurdity, or sublimity, whichever you may choose to wish it, was a blunder of the typo. Bailey wrote "multered thunder," but the poem was published before the blunder was discovered, and the poet had his attention first directed to it by Heraud, the editor of a London magazine, calling attention to its "force and originality." Bailey consequently let it stand!

We cursell had a line in which widow was substituted for window, and which consequently read thus:

"He sprang thro' an open widow,

44 He sprang thro' an open widow, And next minute disappeared."

"He sprang thro' an open widow, And next minute disappeared."

Our "fine feelings" have over and over again been turned into "five feelings," just as though they were fingers. Perhaps the most felicitous error of the kind was misprinting the masses—them asses, the latter being, of course, the tree reading.

Mistakes in handwriting are frequently amusing. Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literatia," relates one that would have alarmed even our friend Greenwood—not of the cemetery—but of the museum. A gentleman in England wrote to Sir Alexander Ball, Governor of Malta, to seud him, by the first opportunity, 1 or 2 monkeys. Sir Alexander read it as 102, and one fine morning two horsemen—we mean Maltese attendants—might be seen leading a little regiment of monkeys towards the suburban villa in Dulwich of his corresponddent. Without the least suspicion they were his own property, he called his wife and children to notice them as they came up the lane, chattering and gambolling like a female Ravel family. What was his astonisament, when the chief attendant put into his hand a note from his friend in Malta, to the effect that he had not been able to immediately secure the whole 102 monkeys, but he had sent him 58 on account, and that the balance should be forwarded by the first opportunity.

A facctious horror of this kind is recorded in a Governor of the East Indies, whose desnatch read, "I shall not address you as the Directors of a great Empire, but as Indian Devila!" A burst of indignation from the Court of Directors stopped the reader, but upon the deepaten being tranded to one who was better acquainted with Warren Ha-tings handwriting, he turned the indignation the other way, for the Indian devils were individuals! As things have happened since, he would have written Sepoys—those special pets of reviews of his—a roll of manuscript! Its a tragedy or a comic poem, perhaps, both in one. I'liget into our shower-bath, draw the curtain, and he'! think we've gone out. Confound the thing; Biddy has charged it with a N'agar

THE JAPONICA EPISTLES.

FROM MRS. SERAPHINA BROWN, OF UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, TO MISS ROSINA SMYTHE, OF WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

ROSINA, my dear, I've such very ada tidings—
Peor Brown's broke his legt, the result of backslidings;
I hope, as a Caristian, you'll pardon my pun,
Had it been poor Brown's neek i must have my fun.
It seems in Broadway some boys made a slide,
Aud my crusty old husband felt down on his side.
You may judge my dismay, when, as I began
To sing with the count, in rushed our hall man,
With the news that a hack had just stopped at the door,
And Brown groaning in it, with two legs broke or mere.

The count rose to go, but I told him to stay,
Since and sincing has never set bye say day.
Since and sincing has never set bye say day.
Since and sincing has never set by say day.
Since and sincing has been as more legith.
Since and sincing has been as the sincing has b So, Thom one, good morning, I bid ye adieved So. Thom one, good morning, I bid ye adieved Soup without a P is sure not worth a sou.

And that's my opinion's the true case with you!

Now, isn't that awful? Sur-ly Providence makes—
Like us folks here below—now and then its mistakes
Or else, when Brown fell, had it known his real sins,
He'd have broken his neck instead of his shins.
But lo! there's a rine; 'the the count—so adieu,
Te-morrow, I, doubless, shall be nearer to you.
Oh! the pleasure of having the richest in town
To be one's paymaster—roure,

Senaphine Brow

Turing is a capital story told of some one who prayed that and would "them the potato crop, which second to have been mattern in spleadure, and regard with special entire the few planted in our

THE TRIANGLE ATTENDS THE CALICO BALL (Concluded from page 192)

ATTENDS THE CALICO BALL.

Concluded from page 192)

at first, but not being able to solve the mystery, answered—I all the time slowly but surely backing out the small man. Several times I felt a tap on my shoulder, but I took no notice of it—went on talking and dancing. The small man, I fancy, left in diaguat, for when the quadrille was finished, he was gone, and I walked off in triumph with my fair companion. There, what do you think of that for piece of social flibusteric g! Round and round we marched for a long time, till a toning of the instruments informed us that a pollul was about to commence. I took it for granted that it was to be mine, and without any apology stole my arm around the slender wait. At that instant up came a young man, in a great state of excitem nt, perspiring and red, and said:

"Miss I Le Rose; I think this is my polka."

The young man smelt of brandy; I was instantly inspired with a thought, and answered, coldly,

"Sir, Miss Le Rose waited all the last dance for you."

I knew the young scrub fad been in the bar-room, and had probably not kept count of the dances. I was right; he looked abashed, murmured, and walked away. I would not give up a partner to a man who perspires in the face. Hound and round we weat in the mazes of the misty dance, un'il again the music cessed; then Mr. Le Rose emme up and claimed his daughter to go home. I could not very well filibusteries I im, and, being tolerably content with my triumph, gave her up, and left the scene of revelry. I have that young lady's address in my pocket!!

In my own home, I pulled off my tight boots, stretched my sebing feet in elippers, filled a glass with some of Coxnen's bear Catawba brandy, sweetened with the juice of the Southern can, and, warmed to a genial temperature with water from the stove, lighted my favorite pipe, and floated through eternal dances with Miss Le Rose, and wondering how the poor would look en the morrow.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

"WILLIAM, look trp. Tell us who made you."
William, who was considered a look serewing his face and looking somewhat ewildered, slowly answered, "Mokes, l'apuse."
"That will do. Now," said Counsellor Grey, addressing the court, "the witness says he 'sposes 'Bloose made him. This certainly is an intelligant answer—more than I thought him espable of giving, for it shows he has some faint knowledge of the recriptures, but I sidnet it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn to an witness to give evidence."
"Mr. Judge, "hays the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"
"Criainly," said the Judge, "as a many as you please."
"Wall, then, Mr. Lawyet, whe d'ye think made you?"
Counsellor Grey, imitating winness, "Aaron, I "agoe."
After the mirth has subaded, the witness explained,
"Wall, now, we do read in the good blook that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd have thought the tarnel critter had got in here."

When Mr. Skinfilnt, of Beanville, died, there was quite a sensa-

"Wall, now, we do read in the good book that, as no once made a calf, but who'd have thought the 'armel criter' bad got in here."

WHEN Mr. Skinfilnt, of Beanville, died, 'there was quite a senation to town about it. The bell was tolled, and the only fing in town—that which belonged to the favers—was hung union down for twenty-four hour. His praise was in every one's mouth, though way they praised him neas could say, except that he was worth a great dead of money. This was before his. Partington moved from Beanville.

"We have lost a great wan, ma'am;" said the minister, calling upon her; "so portly, so public spirited, so—so—bi che?"

"An yes," respended the estimated dame, with a tear of regret in her eys, "his goo: he sa was past finding out—it was," said she, raising her hand, as if beckoning down a large word, by which to express herself loudly; "it was infinitesimal, and his right hand never knew what his lot hand did, nor asybody else, for that matter. He was such an excellent man."

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

I am that spirit that dwells in the flower;

Mine is the exquisite music th. files,

When allence and moonlight reign over each bower

That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.

I woo the bird with his melody glowing

To leap in the sunshine, and warble its strain,
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,
The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwe is no sorrow where I am abiding;

There dwe'is no sorrow where I am abiding;
C.re is a stranger and troubles us not;
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily riding,
I woo, and they tenderly glite o'er the spot.
They pause, and we glow in their ragged embraces,
They drink our warm breath, rich with odor and sen
Then hurry away to their desolate places,
And hock for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us, Would ever imagine that, nursed in a rose,

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us,
Woull ever imagine that, nursed ma rose,
At the opening of spring, our destiny found us
A pisoner until the first bud should unclose;
Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,
Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
And made us the tenants of elimates so fair!

A CAPITAL story is told of a young fellow who one Sunday strolled
into a vilage church, and during the service was electrisied and gratified by
the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were rivete: upon his fact.
After the service, he saw the posses-sor of the witching orbs leave the church
alone; and emboldered by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart
aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancede sile evinced sone
emotion at recognizing him. He then quickessed his pace, and she actually
slackened bers as if to let him come up with her. But we will penuit the
young man to tell the rest his own way:

"" Noble young creature," thought i; her artless and warm heart is superior
to the bonds of custom."

"I reacted within a store's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned
her lace towards me; my heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where
she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence is
an ange!

"" Are you a pedlar?"

she stood. Sike began to spean, and a spean an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know,' continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly, 'I thought, when I saw you in the meeting-honse, that you looked like the pedlar who passed effs pewter helf-dollar on me about three weeks go, and to I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother-John has got home, now, and he says if he catches the fellow hell wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all ?"

ENUP.

The beautiful Gate of Sleep is barred †
O Angel within!
The panels of pearl with diamond starred,
Give back no sound to my feeble knock;
I have no key that will turn the lock!
How long must I wait!
O evermore and forevermore
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate! My garments are thin—my sandals wors,
Sweet Angel within!
How ploreing the blast!—how sharp the thors!
The night is chee.les—the wind is wild;
My bruised heart sobs the a pitiful child.
How long must! wait?
O evermore and forevermore
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate! It I were a queen, Pd give my crown,
O Angel within!
Or famed, I would lay may laurels down;
Or rieb, I'd yield thee my treasured gold,
For the weet shelter from rain and ould.
How long must I wait?
O evermore and foreve more
Would I pass through the Beautiful date!

Would I pass through the Beautiul Gate!

A SNARB STORY.—The following aneedede is a fact. It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it:

An indian came to a cartain "agency" in the northern part of lows to procure some whitely for a young warrier, who had, as he ead, been bitten by a rattlessake. At first the agent did not credit his stery; but the consenses of the lodian, and the urgency of the case, overcame his scruples, and turning to get the laquer, he a-had the Indian how much he wanted.

"Four quarts?" asked the agent, in surprise, "so much as that?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, frawning savagely, and speaking through his set tech, as though about to ware a war of extermination on the whole sake tribs—"four quart—make very big."

A "CURRESTAN GROCERY."—A man in Locknost. N. Y., has

A "CHERTIAN GROCERY."—A man in Lockport, N. Y., has researd a "Christian groovy." He states, in explanation of this singular heading, this he has opened a shop for the dispensation of a "little wise," and other fixed of spirite " for the stomach's sake," and that, as he winder head of the fixed of spirite " for the stomach's sake," and that, as he winder he sake it a Christian clost owned have been a commodate Christian constomers, he would take for his pay, considering the hard times, all kinds of religious scoks, tracts, &c.

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ILL.

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THE TRIANGLE ATTENDS THE CALICO BALL.

THE TRIANGLE ATTENDS THE CALICO BALL.

Reflections.

It was an artistic idea, that of a Calico Ball. The conception of contrasting the refined beauty and cultivated grace of accomplished gentlemen with the coarse dress of serving-maids was very ingenious. One always admires excellence, in whatever line it may be even if it be only the clothes line; and thus my mind's eye was filled with satisfaction by the scontemplation of ideal Biddies and supernaturally exquisite helps, manufactured possibly (mind I say possibly), out of imperfect ladies (if such things exist). When even a rather homely and slightly gasse woman of refined breeding would make a delicious maid-of-all-work, what would be the transcendantly ravishing result of transforming one of our fair-skinned, accomplished beauties into a plain cook? O ye Gods! what a delicious picture! Heaven and earth mingling—each enhancing the other. Would I not? ay, that would I. If Miss Juliet Le Rose would only cook my dinner once, I would be content to eat and die. Dear, dear, if one could only be as happy as one knows how. But we cannot. So let us take a pull at the goblet, and pass it round.

I don't know how I received the information, whether any one told me, whether I read it, or if any one told me, who, or, if I read it, where. But somehow, in my mind existed the knowledge that, at a certain ball, to be held at the Academy of Music—said ball being called Calico Ball—the ladies were to leave their dresses behind them, for the benefit of the poor. This crowded my brain



with all sorts of embarrassing ideas—would the ladies undress in the ball-room? would they retire and come back and finish the dance in their hooped skirts, or would they slip out of their gowns at the door and rush home? Then a more painful thought suggested itself. If the ladies were expected to leave their gowns behind them, was the same rule to exist with regard to the gentlemen's pantaloons? If so, it would be rather an expensive entertainment—coat, vest, pants—about fifty dollars' worth. Come, that was no joke. Then it occurred to me that perhaps males as well as females were expected to attire themselves in calico. This reflection recalled painfully to my mind an incident in my early life. Many years ago, when in France, I attended a fancy ball, in the costume of a Swiss marine, or something of that sort. The chief feature of the dress was an exceedingly baggy pair of pantaloons, with all sorts of embarrassing ideaswould the ladies undress it



Costume of the elegant Monkey-help-

made of some light materials, and fastened round the waist by a piece of tape, just like a bag. In this airy garment was the only pocket, and in that pocket I put a hundred frame bill. When I paid for my ticket at the door, I received in change minety-five frames, in heavy French dollars. With these heavy French dollars winging about in my pocket, sidd I pass the whole evening in depending upon it, and I—but I will as you morre-consequently I could not tolerate the idea of loose o-no-we-never-mention-thems, and the idea of light calice pants was too absurd to dwell on. What kind of a dress could a man make out of calice? I saw myself in a dozen insane rigs. Now looking like an elegant monkey help, now like a cheap Zouave, and now like one of those indescribable nite spaces.

At this stage of my cogitations, I began to feel oppressed with thock up my pipe, filled it to the brind, dismissed my mind, and puffed away in unthinking case, until I meet kinks out of them. I then recalled them, and commenced to recapitulate. Ladies have to leave their dresses in Academy of Music for poor. Gentlemon ditto. Report says the operation will be performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the say of the complexity of the subject, so I took on the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at even y choleck; if say of the performed at the same of the performed at the same of the performed at the same of the same of the performed at the same of the same





How I thought we should appear after giving our Upper Garments to the Poor.

depression of commercial affairs. My only pants were gray, with a stripe down the side, and very mumpy about the knees. My shoes were of that chaste order known as Oxonians, and could be only safely worn with rubbers, to keep the yielding fragments together. Of gloves I had none. Tail coat, a relie of past grandeur, was in magnificent order. Vest ditto. How to supply the places of the deficient articles? I pondered. To steal them would be wrong. To beg them would be mean. To borrow them would be impossible. In a moment of inspiration the whole thing flashed upon me—I would buy them!

I must eventually have some more clothing, I reasoned with my self; in the course of nature those I have will, at some period, wear out. To wear rubbers much longer, to say the least, will be inconvenient; the white kid gloves will be the only superfluity which I shall indulge, and although I knew it to be morally wrong to purchase such things in these times, I swallowed my conscience in a glass of ale, as one takes a pill, and gave myself up to the extravagance.



How I got out of the Glove Store.

It was nine o'clock on the night of the ball before circumstances over which I had no control permitted me to commence my shopping. As I issued my from my residence, and walked down Broadway, a long vista of black shutters threw a chill upon my heart. Can all the stores be closed? I inwardly exclaimed, as I hastened my steps. In the distance a bright light cheered my drooping spirits. I approached—it was a glove store. Boots first, I murmured, as I rushed hastily forward; I can get the gloves as I come back, that shop looks remarkably wide-awake, and will doubtless be open for some time.

proached—it was a glove store. Boots first, I murmured, as I rushed hastily forward; I can get the gloves as I come back, that shop looks remarkably wide-awake, and will doubtless be open for some time.

A few paces further on, and the dim but friendly light of a boot cellar greeted my eyes. It was the only remaining ray which cheered the drear extent of Broadway. I entered. A very dirty German, with a squint and long upper lip, (why do all shoemakers have long upper lips?) came forward. There were apparently only three or four pairs of shoes in the shop, for it was not a ready-made establishment, and my heart misgave me as I asked, "Have you any patent leather boots?" "Oh, yesh," he answered, with as much confidence as if he had the whole of Lynn at his back; "what shise shoes you wear?" "The largest were produced; where they came from, goodness knows. Pair after pair, filled with flour, pulled with boothooks, pushed at the heel, pinched at the toe, stamped on the ground, but in spite of the theories of that dirty shoemaker with a squint and long upper lip, I proved practical y the axiom which no bootmaker, I believe, ever yet admitted, that the less cannot contain the greater. I gave up in despair; shoemaker, squint and all gave up in despair, when, like a sensible fellow that he was, he suggested calfskin in the wind the remarker, and the was a still hough if I had known my own heart, I should have been conscious that I meant to take calfskin in the usual manner—did hold in the shutter attracted my attention. I looked through—a similar that fitted, and bought them. Such is human nature. Whilst shoemaker, halo my Beots.

I carry my own Hall Ticket, also my Beots. "I have good and repassed. In repassing a small hole in the shutter attracted my attention. I looked through—a similar halo in the shutter attracted my attention. I looked through—a similar halo in the shutter attracted my attention. I looked through—a similar halo in the shutter attracted my attention. I looked through—a similar halo in the shutter



to-be-enraptured gaze. The second object I held was an unshorn man, in overcoat and rubber Come, I thought, if this is the style of tolks, need not have been so particular about those his gloves. Name port (French for "never mind") I was in for it, and it's no use crying over split bills. The first thing to find out was the proper place wherein to deposit my hat and overcost. Information was abundant. Cards nailed up at every corner and on every doorpost bore the inscription:

TO THE HAT-ROOM.

But there ended the intelligence. No friendly finger IT to point the way, no nothing. Taking the direction in which the card was placed as my guide, I walked along a passage—found it led nowhere. Went back to card, and then walked in the opposite direction, found myself in a private box, retraced my steps, saw scrobutic young man posted against wall, asked for the necessary information. Young man looked idiotically at me, wriggled, and then went away. Inquired of spreae young man with gold chain, was directed upstairs, went up-stairs, fought my way to hat-room, pushed my hat and coat into a kind of post-office, got a ticket, and came below.

Once on the floor of the ball-room, I felt happy.



wriggled, and then went away. Inquired of same young man with gold chain, was directed upstairs, went up-stairs, fought my way to hat-room, pushed my hat and coat into a kind of positions, one on the floor of the ball-room, I felt happy, Gazing around me, I beheld oceans of lovelines, heaving in every direction like an Atlantic of memala. But where was the calico—where was this much vaunted calico? A wave of sain rolled by me, a swell of silk laved my feet, whill breakers of snowy, flower-adorned bosoms, broke over the mighty tide. Oh yes! here is one calico over the mighty tide. Oh yes! here is one calico way, a horrible misgiving sciese me. Perhaps the dress was my calico after all—it may have been silk. I am terribly ignorant of the dry goods business, but I think it was calico. I will hope so, of I drum mutaken, will beg the lady's pardon personally, if she will only a subject of the company of the dry goods business, but I think it was calico. I will hope so, of I drum mutaken, will beg the lady's pardon personally, if she will only the sone of the company of the stage of the dry goods business, but I think it was calico. I will hope so, of I dry may be the dry pardon personally, if she will have a subject to the dry goods business, but I think it was calico. I will hope so, of I dry may be the dry pardon personally, if she will have a subject to the dry goods business, but I think it was calico. I will hope so, of I dry may be the dry part and the dry pardon personally, if she will have a subject to the dry part and the dry pardon personally, if she will have a subject to the dry part and the dry part and



but ere my perplexity permitted me to utter a word, I was grasped by the other hand, turned round, let go, taken hold of again, let go again, again seized by both hands, turned round, pulled at one side, frowned at, winked at, nodded at. What in the name of thunder did it all mean? I gazed vacantly round, thought I must have gone insane, when suddenly the truth flashed upon me—I had got entangled in a quadrille, and was mistaken for a partner. However, being gifted with presence of mind, I immediately made up my mind to my course of action. I picked out the smallest man in the set, who had providentially a mild expression of countenance and a pretty partner, and gracefully but firmly backed up against him. The exigencies of the dance required that it should be continued, and I picked in; when we (my new partner and self) returned to our place, I entered into an animated conversation. She looked a little puzzled

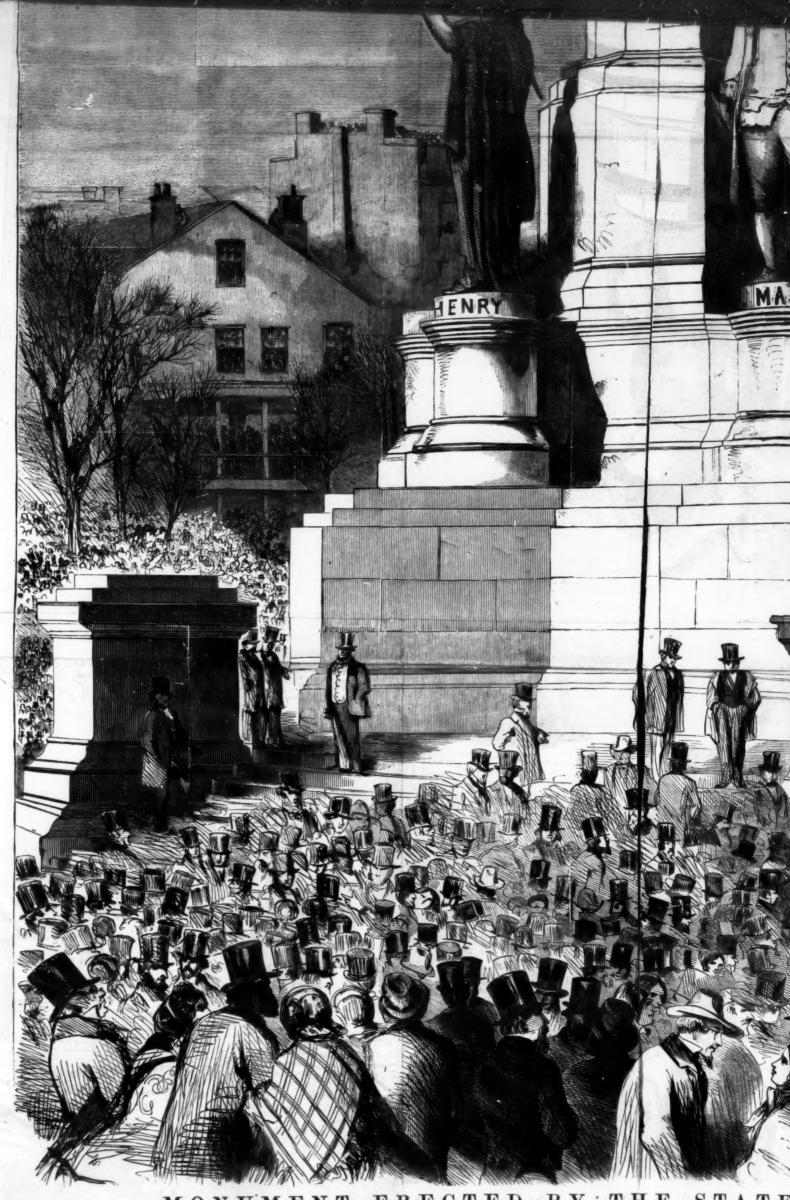
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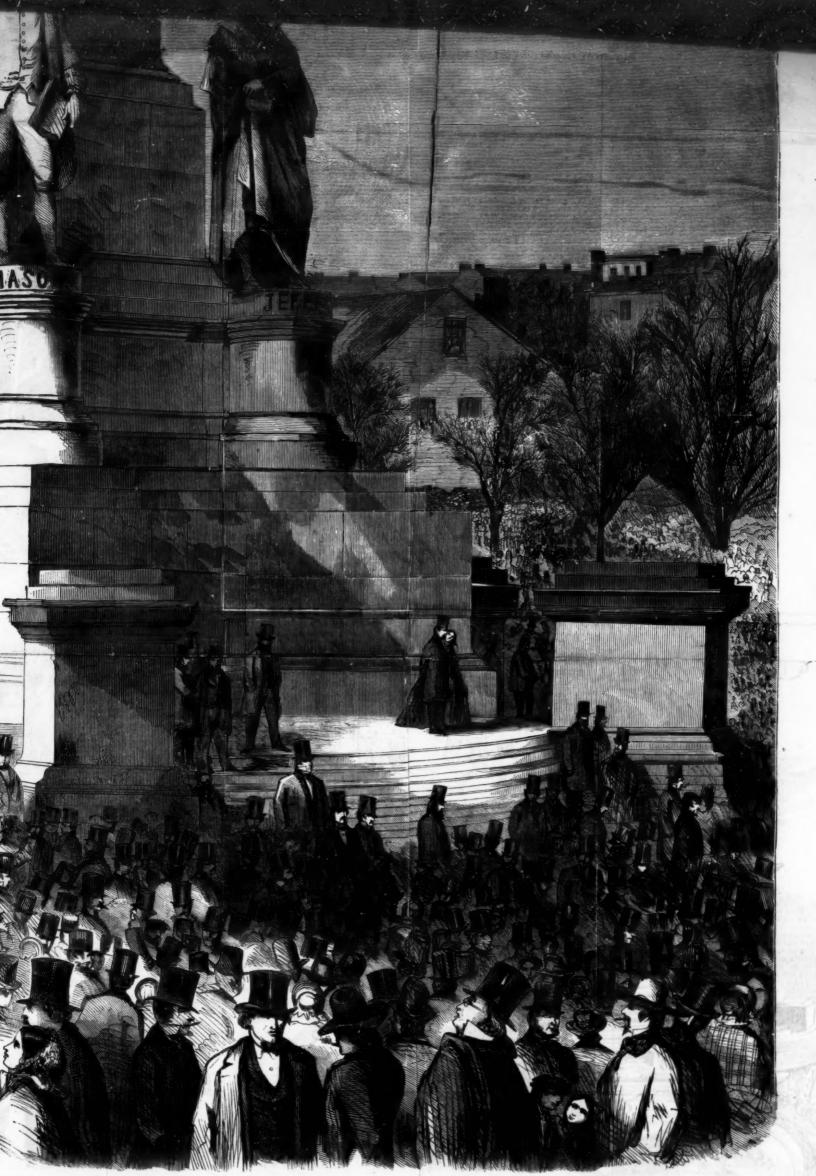




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E OF VIRGINIA TO THE MEMORY OF INGTON.

IN THE CITY OF RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 22, 1858.